

THE HALLMARK

1952

the
1952

hallmark

miss hall's school
pittsfield, massachusetts

DEDICATION

To the loyalty of
Miss Hall's Alumnae
and to their continued affection
for our school, we dedicate

THE HALLMARK

THE HALLMARK BOARD

Cameron Catlin Editor-in-Chief
Margo Miller
Maud Frances Davis Assistant Editors
Priscilla Talcott Art and Photography Editor
Janet Bowers Business Manager
Miss Pitman
Miss Gatchell Faculty Advisers



EDITORIAL

As we look at our attractive new library, built through the efforts and generosity of Miss Hall's Alumnae, we find hope. One of the greatest needs of the school has been filled by this building. Comfortable chairs, wide tables, and good lighting make it easy to work, while a large and varied collection of books including well chosen new ones makes work interesting. The newspapers and magazines there permit us, if we will, to keep up with current events. In such a splendid library, we have a better chance than formerly to become acquainted with great books containing the ideals and principles on which our lives should be based. Frequent reference reading not only gives us a broader view of subjects now being learned but a richer background for college work. Although we are often discouraged by the failure of the peace talks in Korea, the unstable condition of Europe, the inflation and corruption in our own country, and the threat of war, we can still find consolation in the fact that there are groups, such as our alumnae, who are doing something constructive towards making possible a peaceful life.

C.T.C.

ALBERTA CHIROPTERA: OR SOMETHING NEW FOR FIFTY-TWO

It was precisely ten o'clock on a school night so we were all more or less in the dark how — or why — Alberta came to call on the Class of 1952. One thing was certain, she had literally swooped out of the first chapter of Genesis and landed on the second floor of Miss Hall's. To the biologically initiated, she bore a strong resemblance to any of the order Chiroptera. To the classical scholar, she looked like the *myotis subulatus* of ancient Rome. To the rest of us, Alberta was a primordial bat-like creature who had flown solo out of the dawn of pre-history into the night of current events. After executing a fine pin point landing, she taxied to a stop and found herself in — but mostly out of — a senior's room. In the struggle to establish herself, her huge wing-like structures created such a cyclonic breeze that the seniors lost their bedroom slippers and bathrobes in the wake of the stir she made. It was, indeed, apparent that Alberta was having difficulty making that immediate adjustment to boarding school about which any member of the Class of 1952 could have been helpful if Alberta had only written ahead for advice instead of jumping to conclusions so hastily.

It was now ten-ten and there, good gracious, stood the head of the school! The seniors crowded close around while the monster got her breath and the headmistress found her voice. Suddenly everyone, including Alberta, heard someone say, "Miss Fitch, why can't I keep Alberta in my room?"

The headmistress quickly summoned all of the logic and patience of which she felt capable on a school night. She looked sternly in the general direction from which the question had come, for, of course, it would be impossible to agree to such a fantastic proposition. It was bad enough to see The Thing right there before her eyes but she simply couldn't face the idea of the rumor which she knew would

leak out into the North, South, East and West Streets of Pittsfield. However, the headmistress also knew the seniors and was well aware that she would have to size up the situation immediately, otherwise she felt that they would bring up the matter of that turtle which she had permitted one of them to keep all year long. Size! That was it! The turtle was in no one's way whereas Alberta took up every available inch of space in the senior's room. The rest of her extended into the hall. This, alone, made her a road block and a potential traffic hazard. In fact, Alberta automatically became *Public Nuisance # 1* to the head of the school.

Suddenly, the headmistress knew her duty and she did it! In a clear, uncompromising tone she said, "No, my dear, Alberta *can't* stay in your room. She isn't real. She's imaginary — a primordial maverick, a graceless, homeless, sprawling waste of time and space. Besides, she doesn't fit into any one of the permitted categories. She isn't canned; she can't possibly be kept in a tin box; and she cannot be classified as fresh fruit. I'm sorry, but you just *can't* keep Alberta."

Now, while the headmistress had been busy finding her voice, making up her mind and sizing up the situation, Alberta had been taking a quick look around. What she saw entranced her, for the corridor was a veritable gourmet's delight to the hungry Alberta who had been looking forward to a midnight snack by flashlight: tasty Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams and Hotchkiss banners and pennants, and delicious stuffed animals left over, no doubt, from Noah's parade in and out of the Ark. Here were good, solid, protein meals with a low calorie intake per bite. Alberta, though hungry, saw herself dieting right down to fit the room — and she said so. Poor Alberta! Little did she realize that dieting without a doctor's permission was an anathema to the headmistress. Thus, even before she knew it, Alberta became *Public Enemy #1*.

Having, in two gentle breaths, ruined all prospects of remaining on the senior corridor, Alberta felt both done for and done in. In fact, she was sunk! She went down for the third time when she heard the headmistress define her as a monster out of the past who had come to "confuse the realities of the present and thus prevent the members of the Class of 1952 from facing facts squarely and intelligently."

Now, when she heard the headmistress' last words Alberta realized that she should have stayed in the first chapter of Genesis. The twentieth century gave her a horrible sense of insecurity, frustration and defeat. She closed her eyes and heaved another gentle but primordial sigh which, unhappily, sounded like the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki rolled into one. The seniors fled, remembering, however, to rescue their bedroom slippers and bathrobes en route to their rooms. The headmistress, left alone with disaster, sent out an S.O.S. for Mr. Pringle and the entire maintenance staff.

Today, Alberta is where she really belongs — on exhibit — with the dinosauric bones of old mistakes and bygone eras. As for the seniors, they are where they ought to be: facing reality, living their lives honestly and fearlessly — without manufacturing or conjuring up psychological escapes from responsibility — and growing up in a world which will demand much from its new, young adults.

The Headmistress

seniors

Sarah Weston Hyde

"Sally"
1949-1952

President of Student Council

Dramatic Association

Grace Notes

Art Club

Best of luck and love

Sal



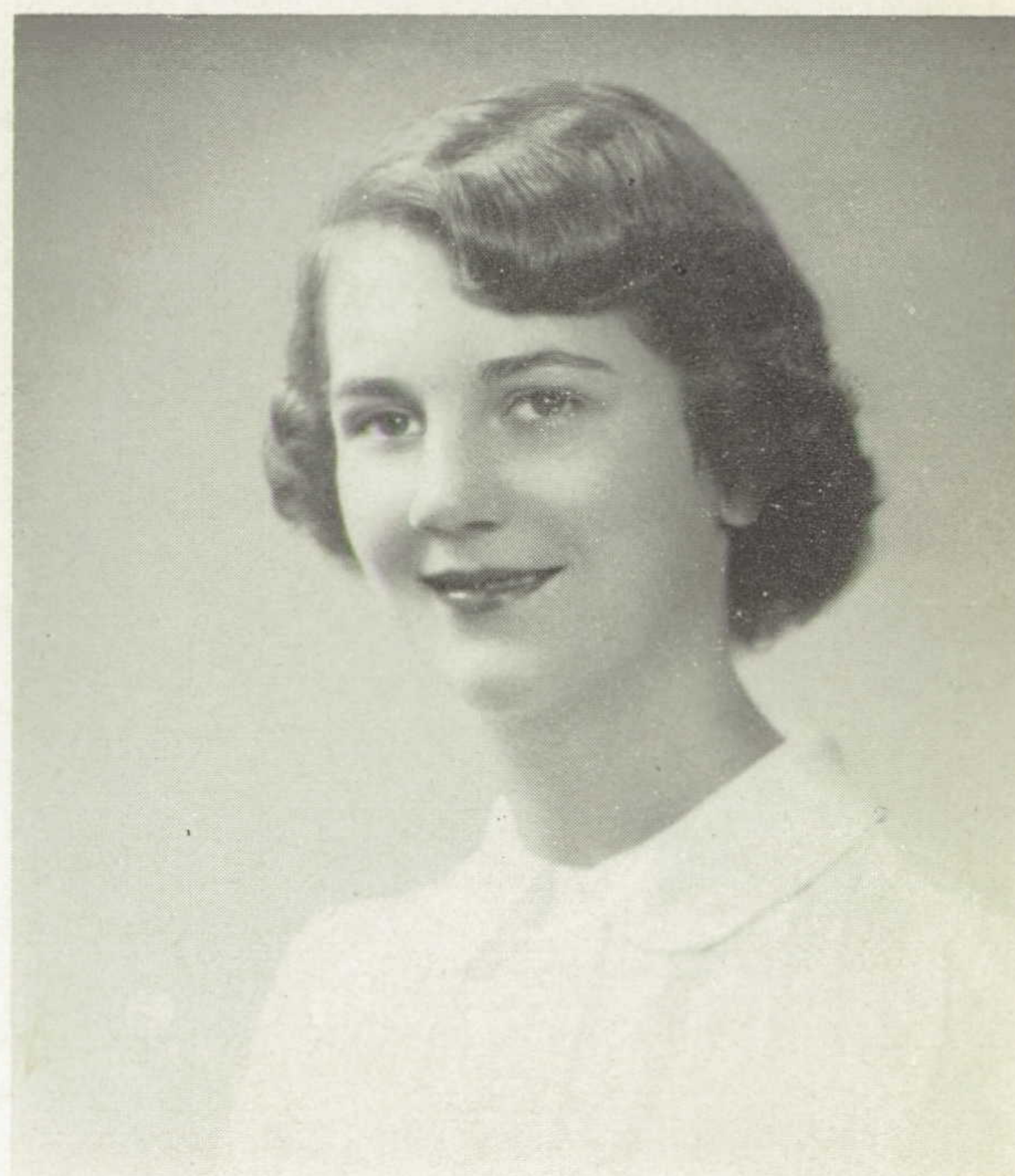
Louise King Shaw Safe

"Louie"
1948-1952

President of Art Club

Secretary-treasurer of Student Council

Dramatic Association





Wendy Lydia Pinkham

1949-1952

President of the Dramatic Association

Vice-president of Student Council

Grace Notes



Katharine Ames Spalding

"Kitty"

1949-1952

President of the Athletic Association

French Club

Janet Whitney Bowers

"Bouillé"
1949-1952

Choir

Glee Club

French Club

Business Manager of *The Hallmark*



Cameron Todd Catlin

"Cam"
1948-1952

Glee Club

French Club

Editor of *The Hallmark*

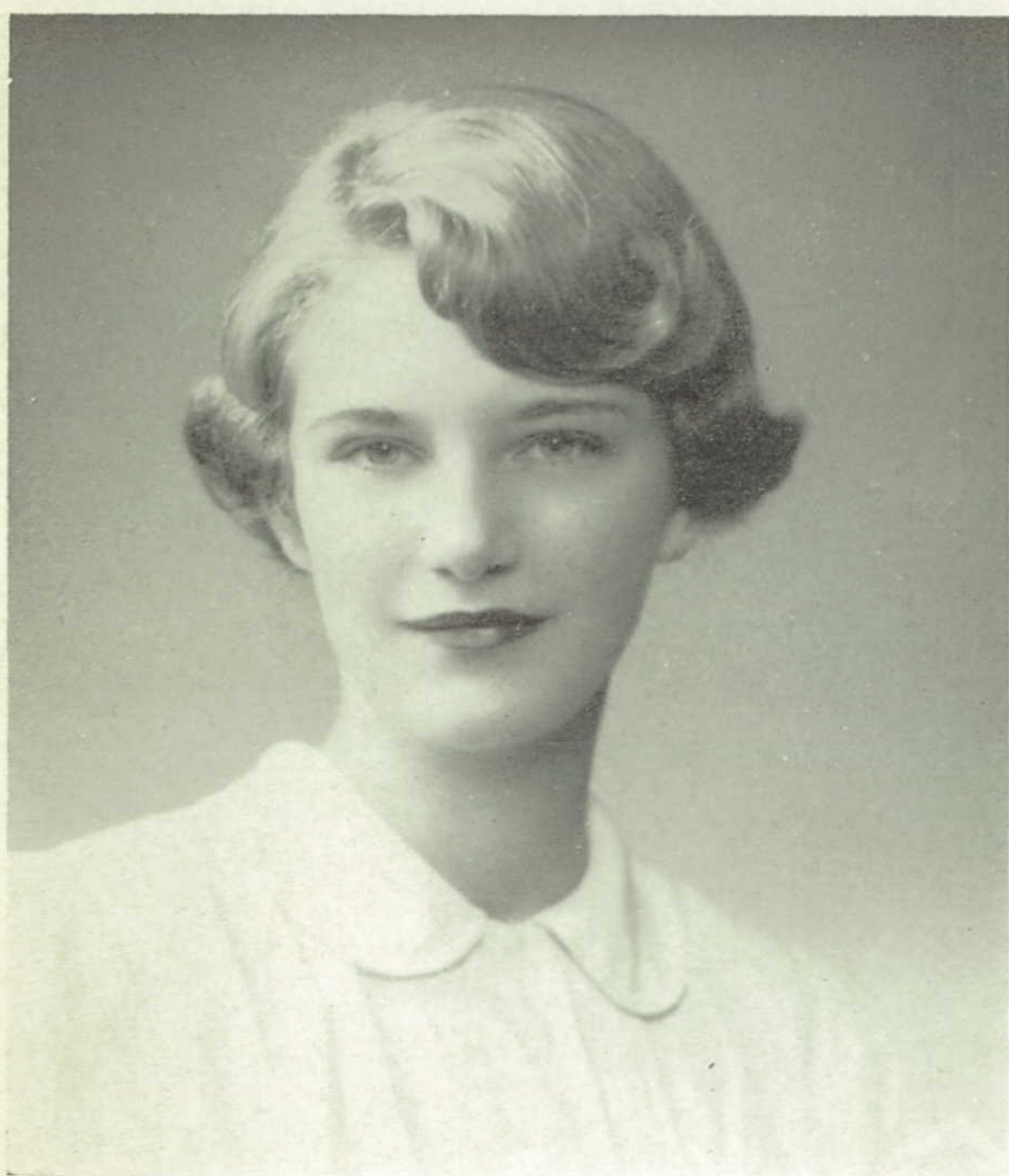




Suzan Bailliere Brand

"Sue" "Twinkle"
1950-1952

Co-chairman of the Community Service Committee
Art Club



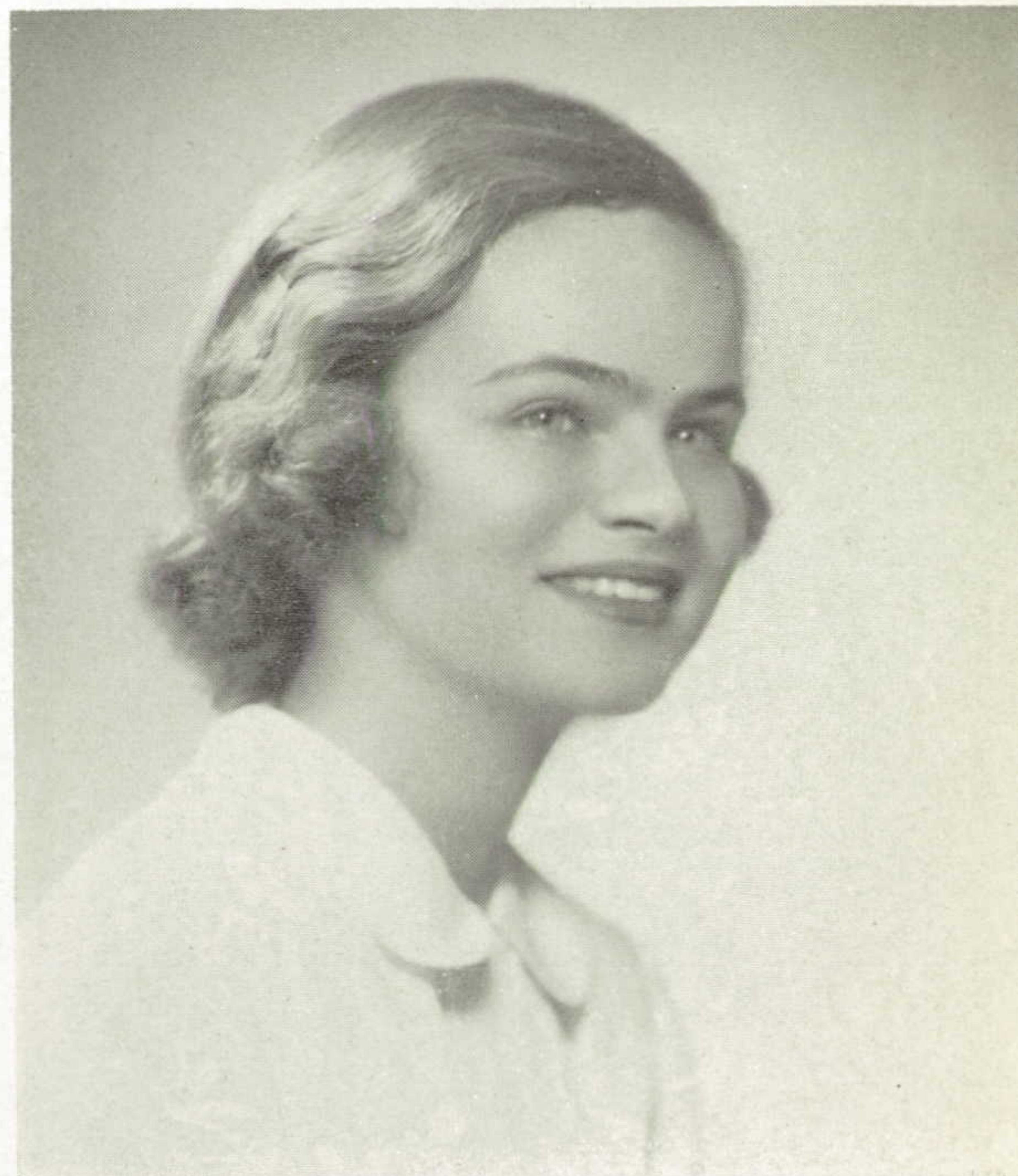
Deborah Ward Graves

"Debby"
1950-1952

Co-chairman of the Community Service Committee
Grace Notes

Mary Caroline Clark

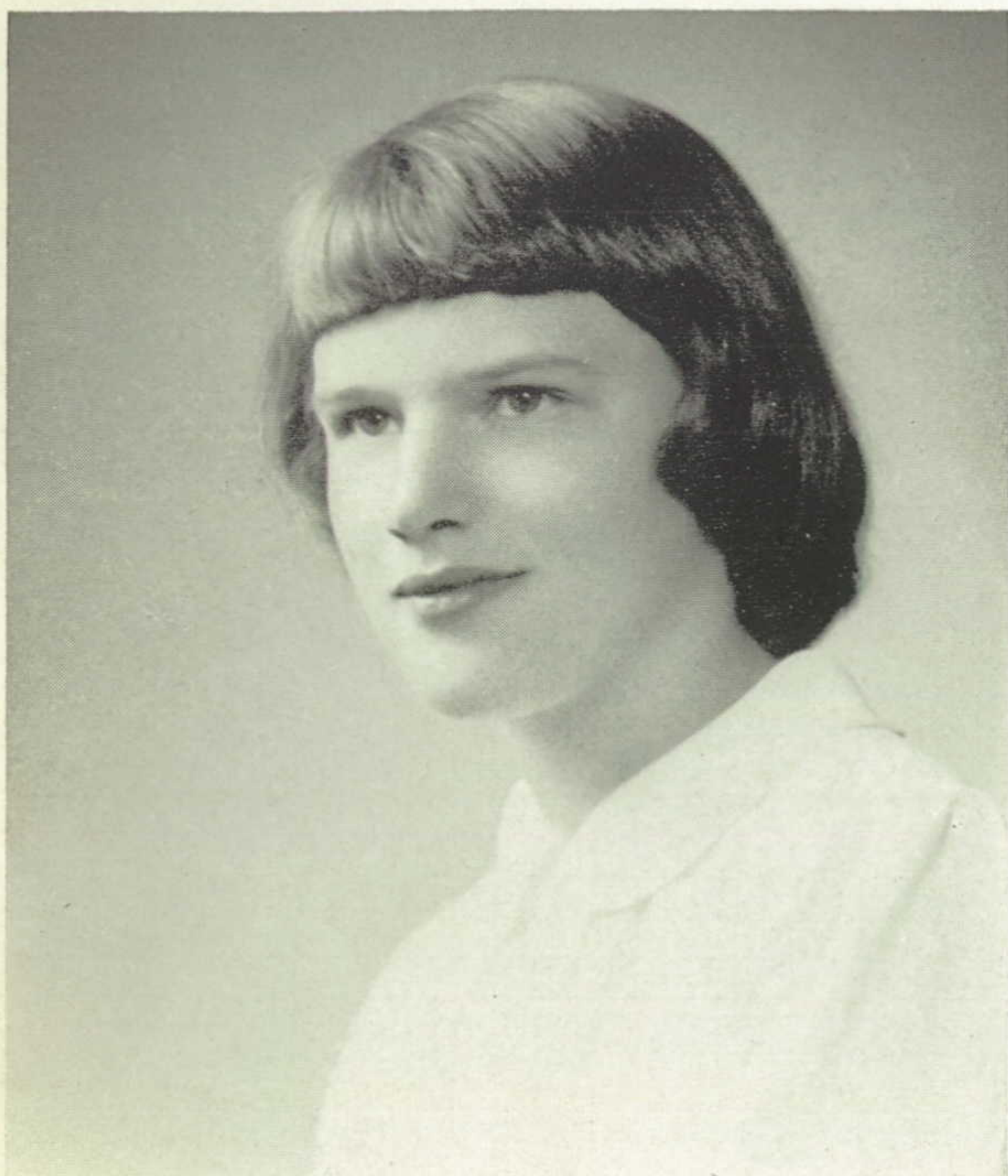
"Caroline"
1950-1952
Accompanist for Choir
Glee Club



Priscilla Stearns Talcott

"Bulb" "Cil"
1950-1952
Choir
Glee Club
Photography Editor of *The Hallmark*





Judith Cooper

"Judy"
1948-1952
Glee Club



Carol Ann Selkowitz

1950-1952
French Club
Glee Club

Lois Jeanne Gardner

1950-1952



Anne Louise Luquer

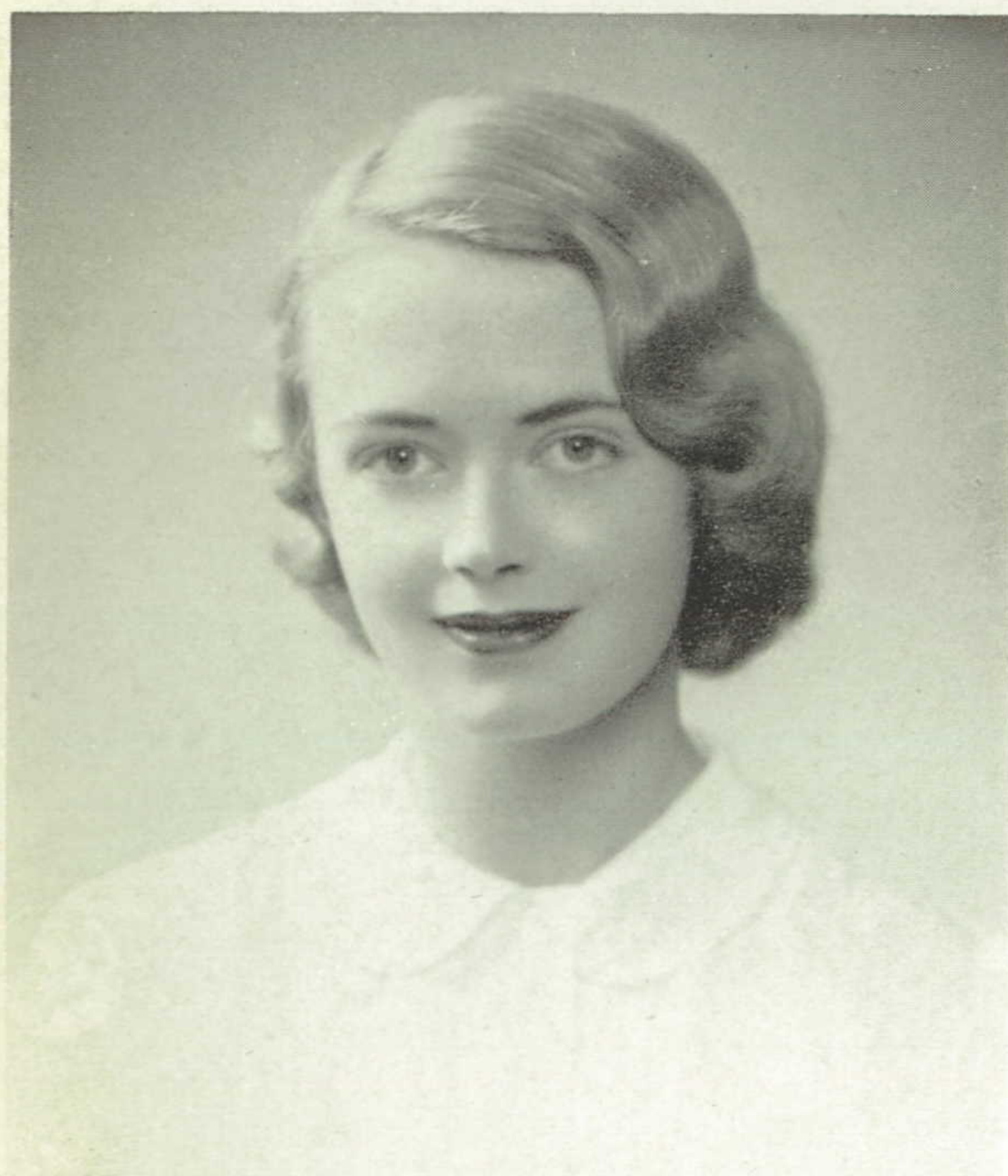
1948-1952
Dramatic Association





Nancy Usher Holding

"Irma"
1949-1952



Elizabeth Post

"Betsy" "Irmise"
1948-1952
Art Club

Kitty-Hunt Jones

"Magnolia"
1948-1952



Patricia Crane Monaghan

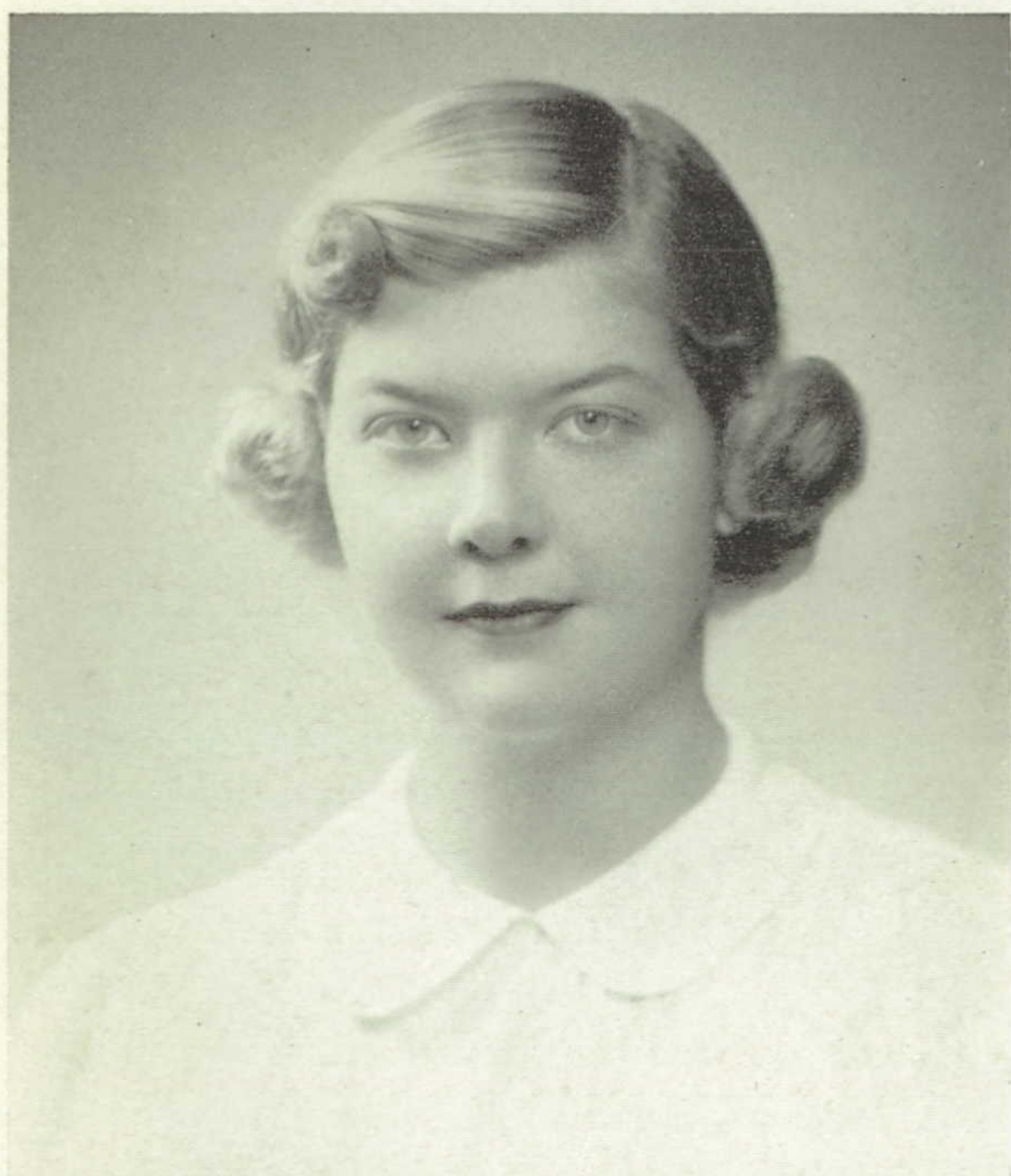
"Patsy"
1950-1952





Esther Margaret Laidlaw

"Peggy"
1948-1952
Glee Club



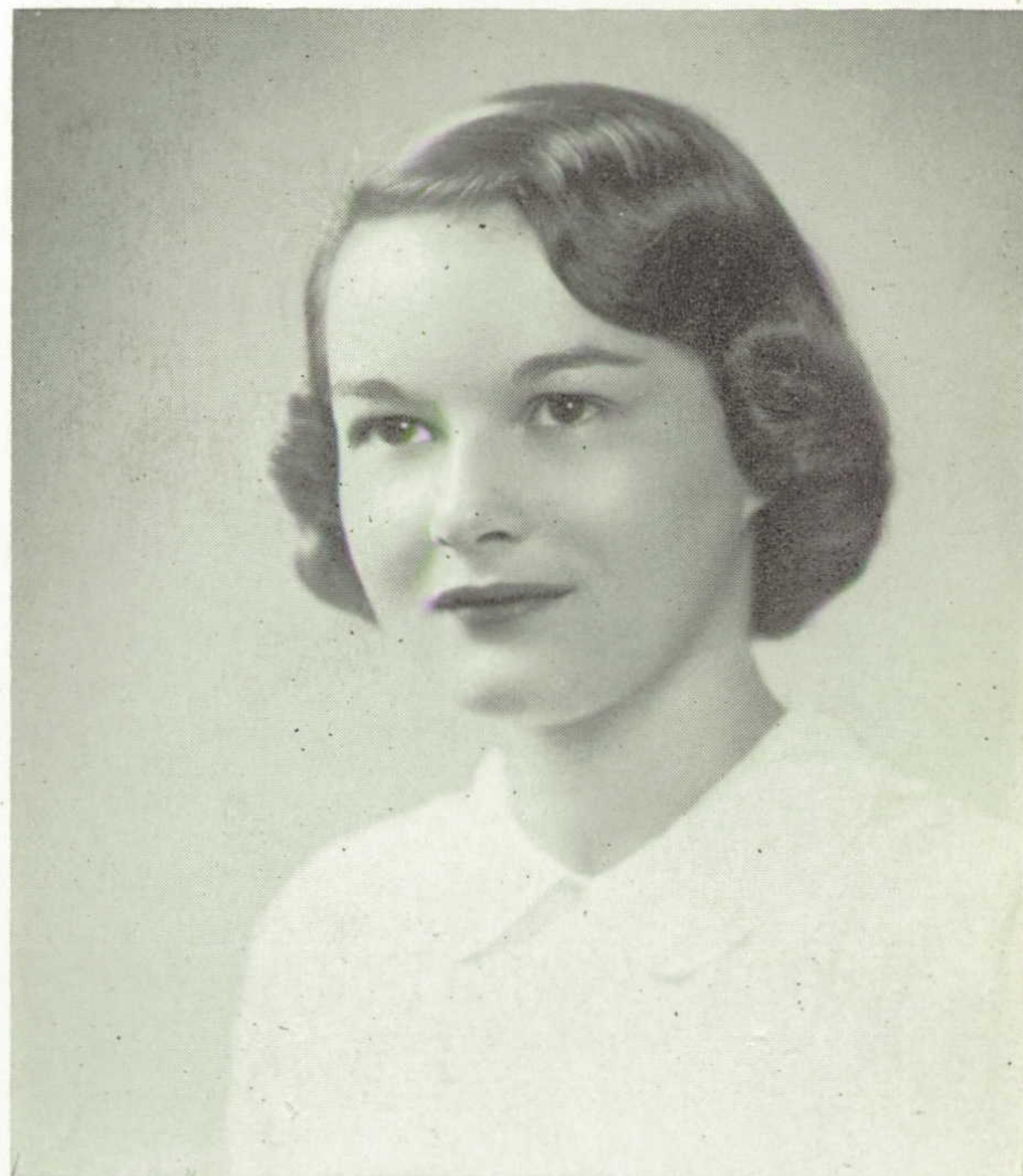
Bettina Moran

"Tina"
1949-1952
Vice-president of the Dramatic Association

Carol Watson Reineman

"Whiffy"
1949-1952

Vice-president of the Athletic Association
Choir
Grace Notes

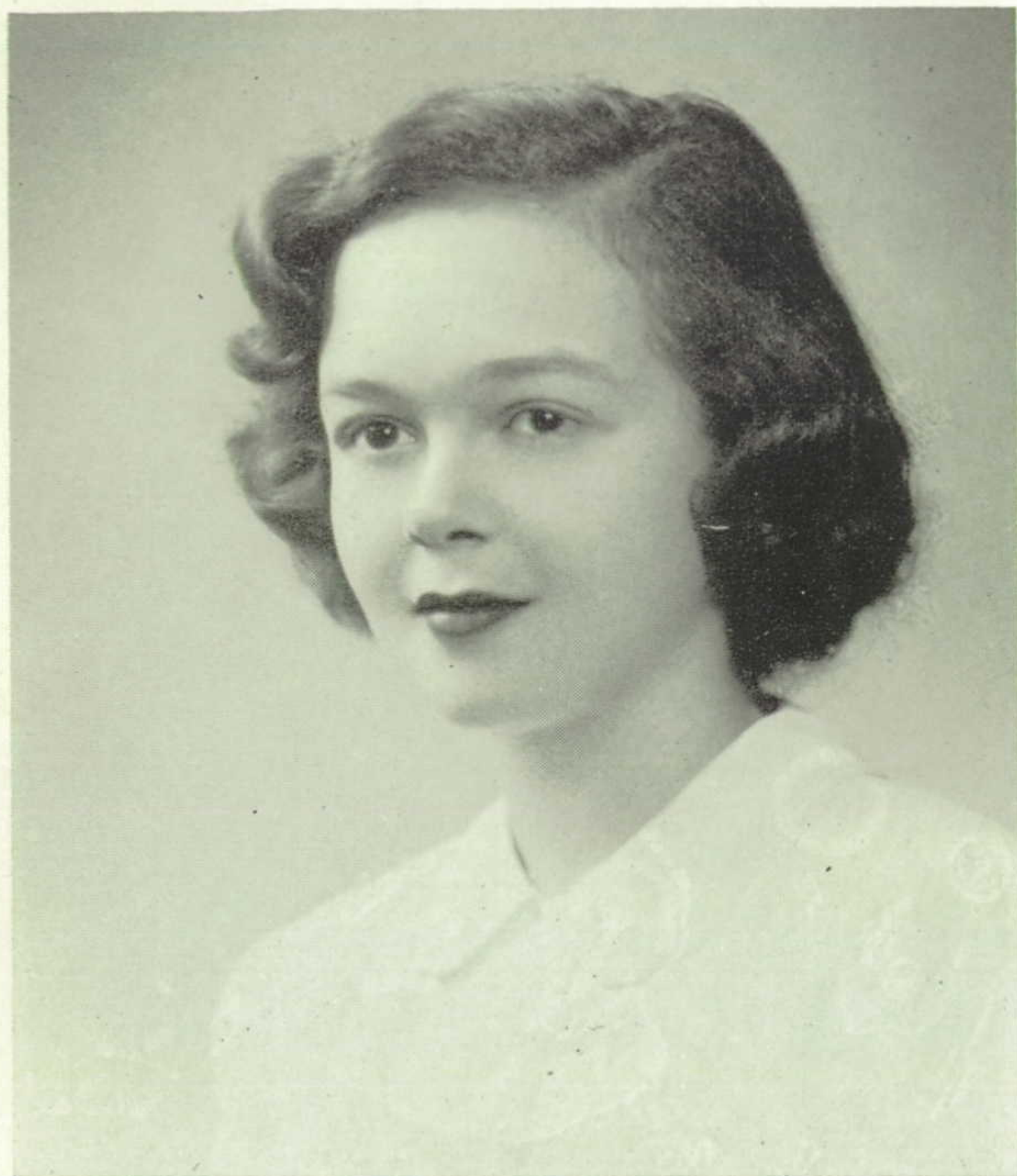


Anna Devereux Wells

"Annie"
1949-1952

Treasurer of the Athletic Association
Glee Club
Choir

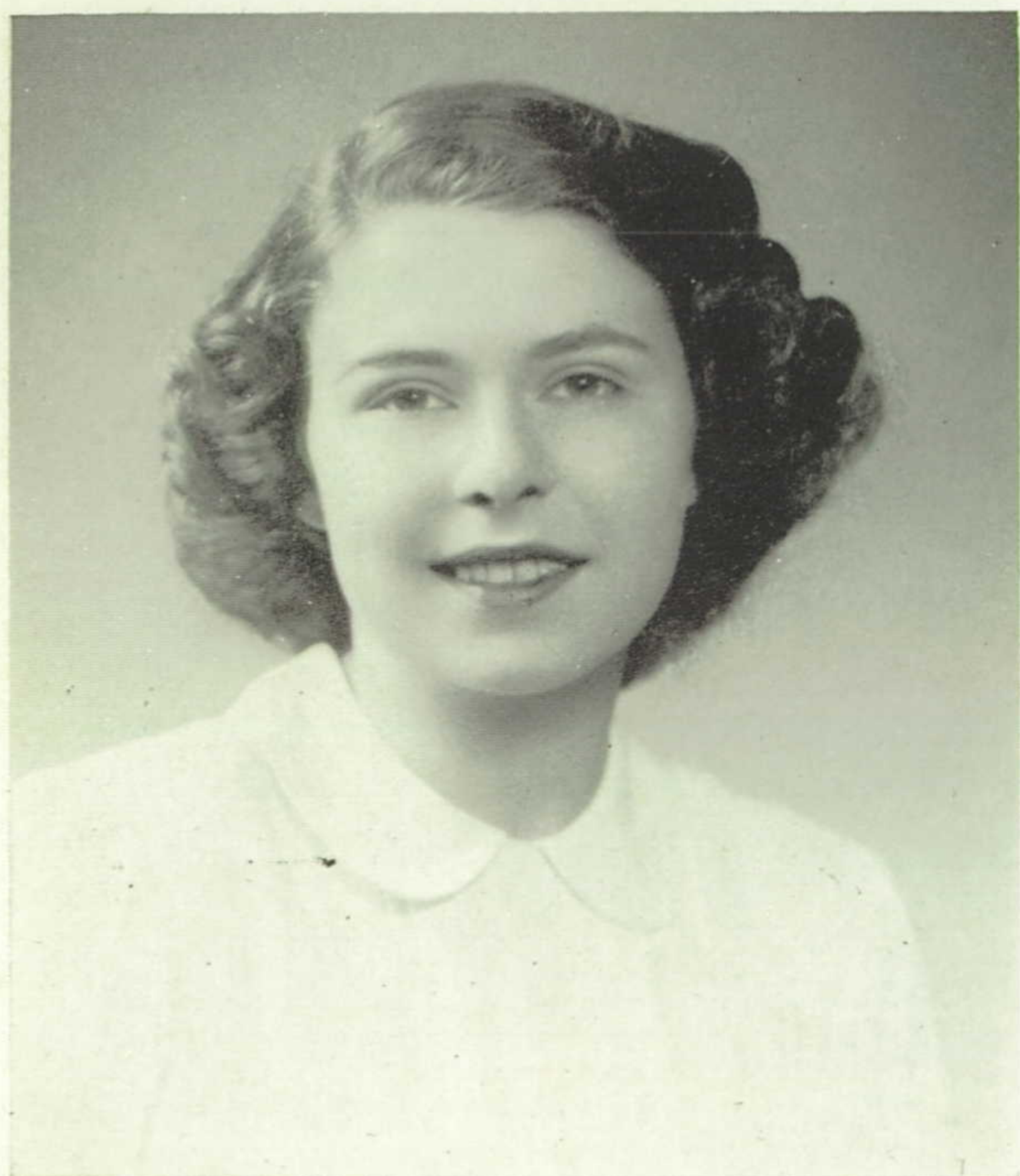




Maria del Carmen Rovira

1948-1952

President of French Club



Judith Elizabeth Vohr

"Judy"

1948-1952

President of Glee Club

French Club

Grace Notes

Chantal Suzanne Leroy

1948-1952
Art Club

Dear Marsha,
It's been so wonderful
this year don't forget
the cheque, and good
luck with Andy.
Love,
Chantal



Carye Elizabeth Simons

"Casey"
1948-1952
Art Club





THE STUDENT COUNCIL

LEFT TO RIGHT: Wendy Pinkham, Eloise Bryant, Louise Safe, Sally Hyde (**President**), Maude Davis, Charlotte Buck, Margo Miller.

THE GRACE NOTES

LEFT TO RIGHT: Sally Hyde, Betsey Brown, Judith Flynn, Maude Davis, Deborah Graves, Wendy Pinkham, Carol Reineman, Judith Vohr (**seated**), Susan Bagley (**not present**).



THE COMMUNITY SERVICE

BOTTOM TO TOP: Dexter Newbury; Julianne Chapman; Gale Robb; Patricia Monaghan; Elinor Thordike; Judith Flynn; **Co-chairmen**, Suzan Brand, Deborah Graves; (**not present**) Priscilla Talcott.



THE CHOIR

LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT ROW: Jill Wagner, Cecily Beal, Helen Frost, Maude Davis, Dexter Newbury, Patricia Horne, Anne Cooper, Pamela Stratton.
SECOND ROW: Janet Bowers, Judith Flynn, Betsey Brown, Jill Paton, Ann Wells, Katrina Rozendaal, Eugenie Moravec, Priscilla Talcott, Ann Murphy, Caroline Clark (**Accompanist**), Carol Reineman and Joan Kelley (**not present**).



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

LEFT TO RIGHT: Lucilla Fuller, Betsey Brown, Ann Wells, Carol Reineman, Katharine Spalding (**President**), Josephine Parker, Nancy Wallace.



THE ART CLUB

CLOCKWISE: Louise Safe (**President**), Gale Robb, Anne Morgan, Lucilla Fuller, Margo Miller, Josephine Parker, Claudia McKenzie, Elizabeth Post, Carye Simons, Chantal Leroy, Sally Hyde, Suzan Brand, Mary Ann Cochrane, Betsy Brown.



THE FRENCH CLUB

LEFT TO RIGHT: Cameron Catlin, Carol Selkowitz, Margo Miller, Katharine Spalding, Maria Rovira (**President**), Lucilla Fuller, Janet Bowers, Judith Vohr, Carolyn Rydstrom, Martha Beck.



THE GLEE CLUB

Judith Vohr (**President and Accompanist**).



THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

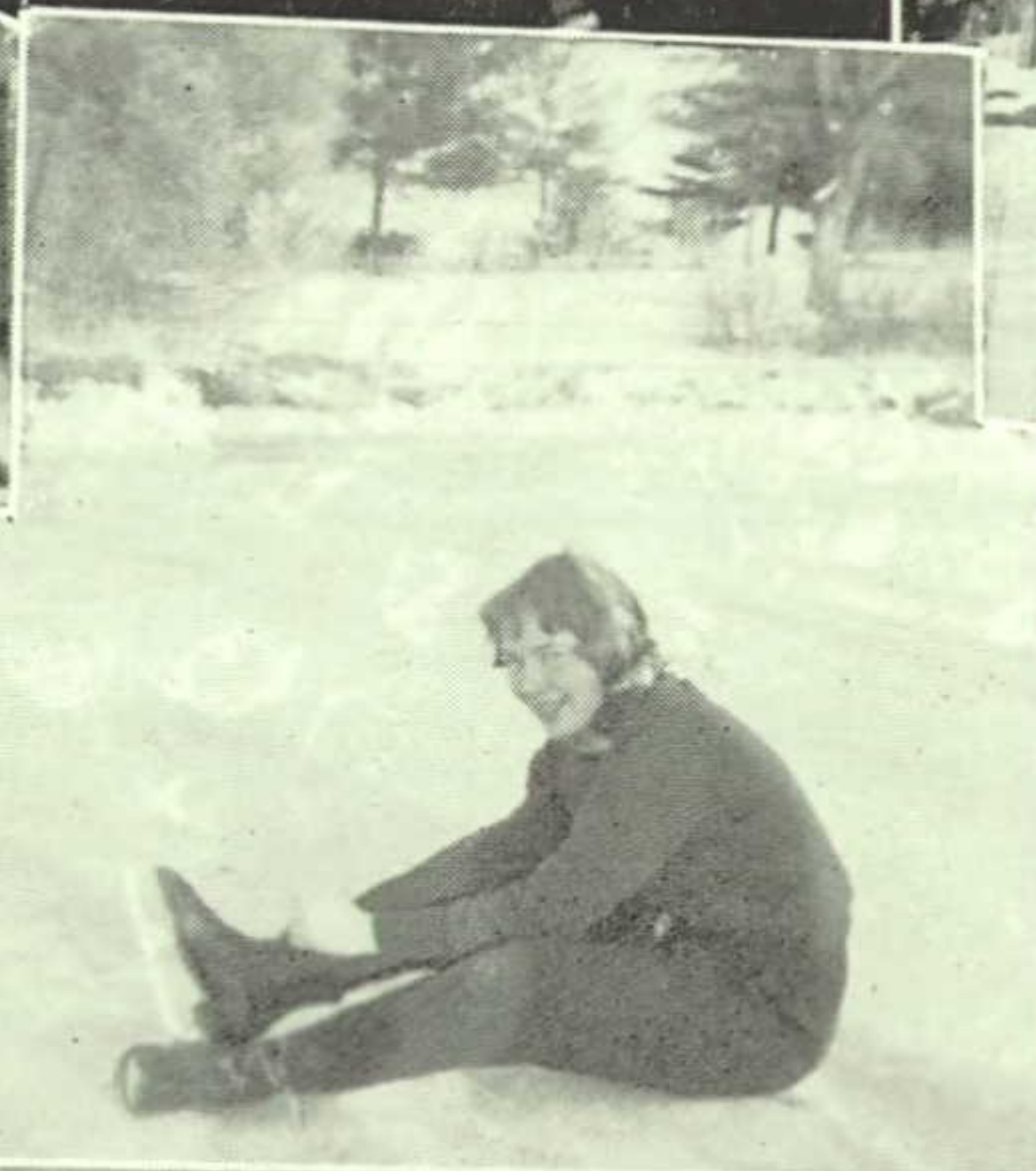
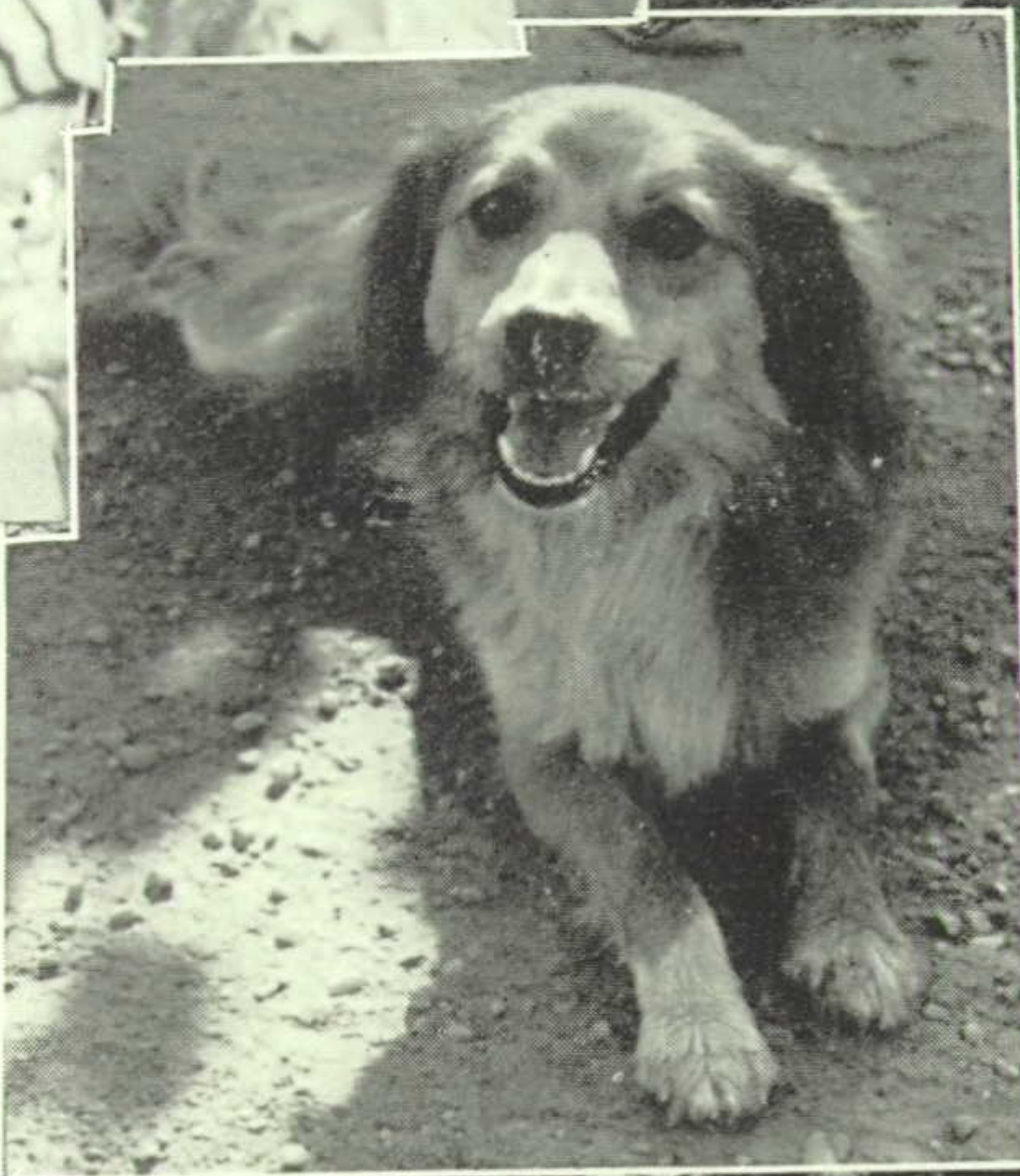
LEFT TO RIGHT: Anne Cooper, Bettina Moran, Carol O'Connell, Joan Payne, Wendy Pinkham (**President**), Louise Safe, Susan Bagley, Sally Hyde, Anne Louise Luquer, Lucilla Fuller.

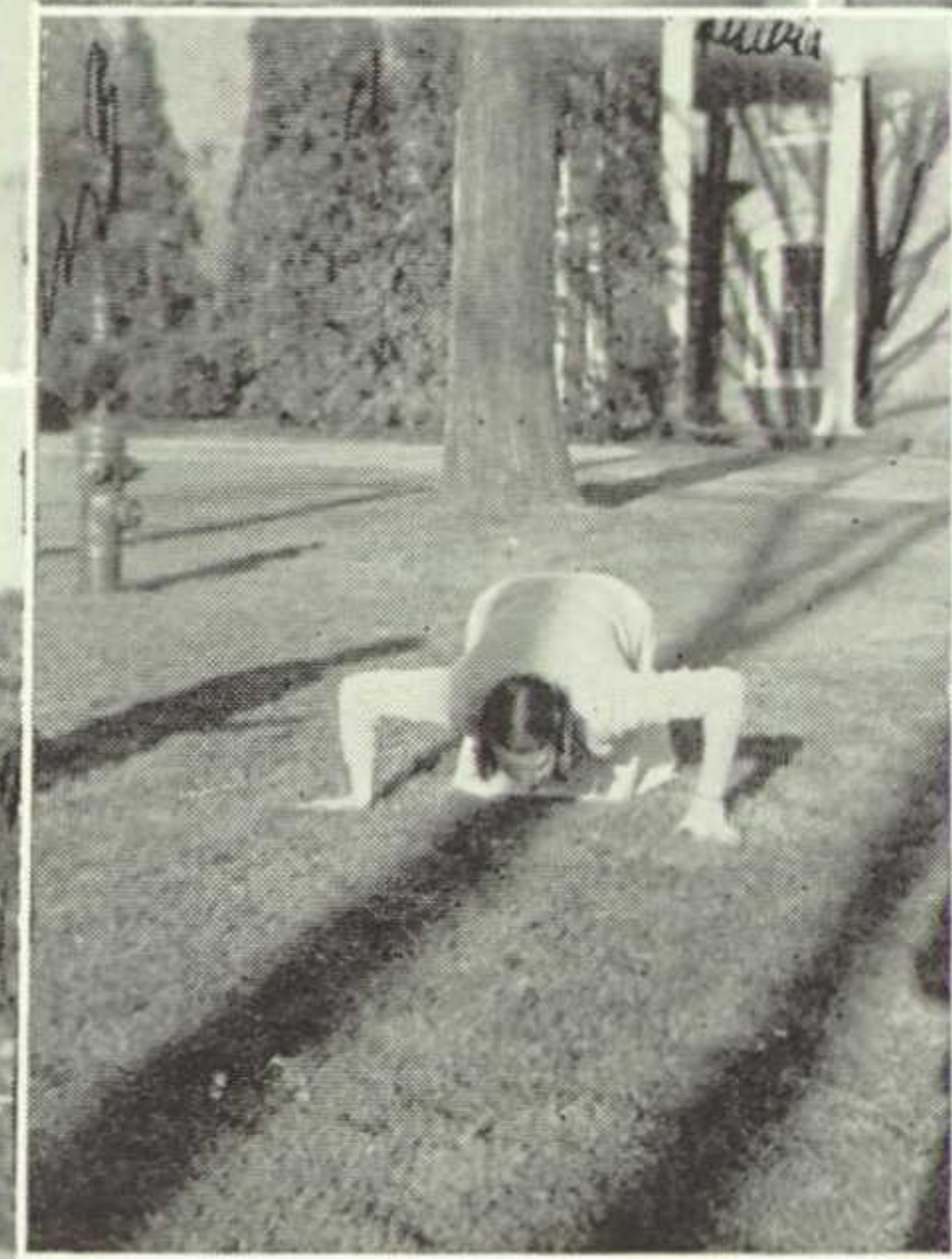
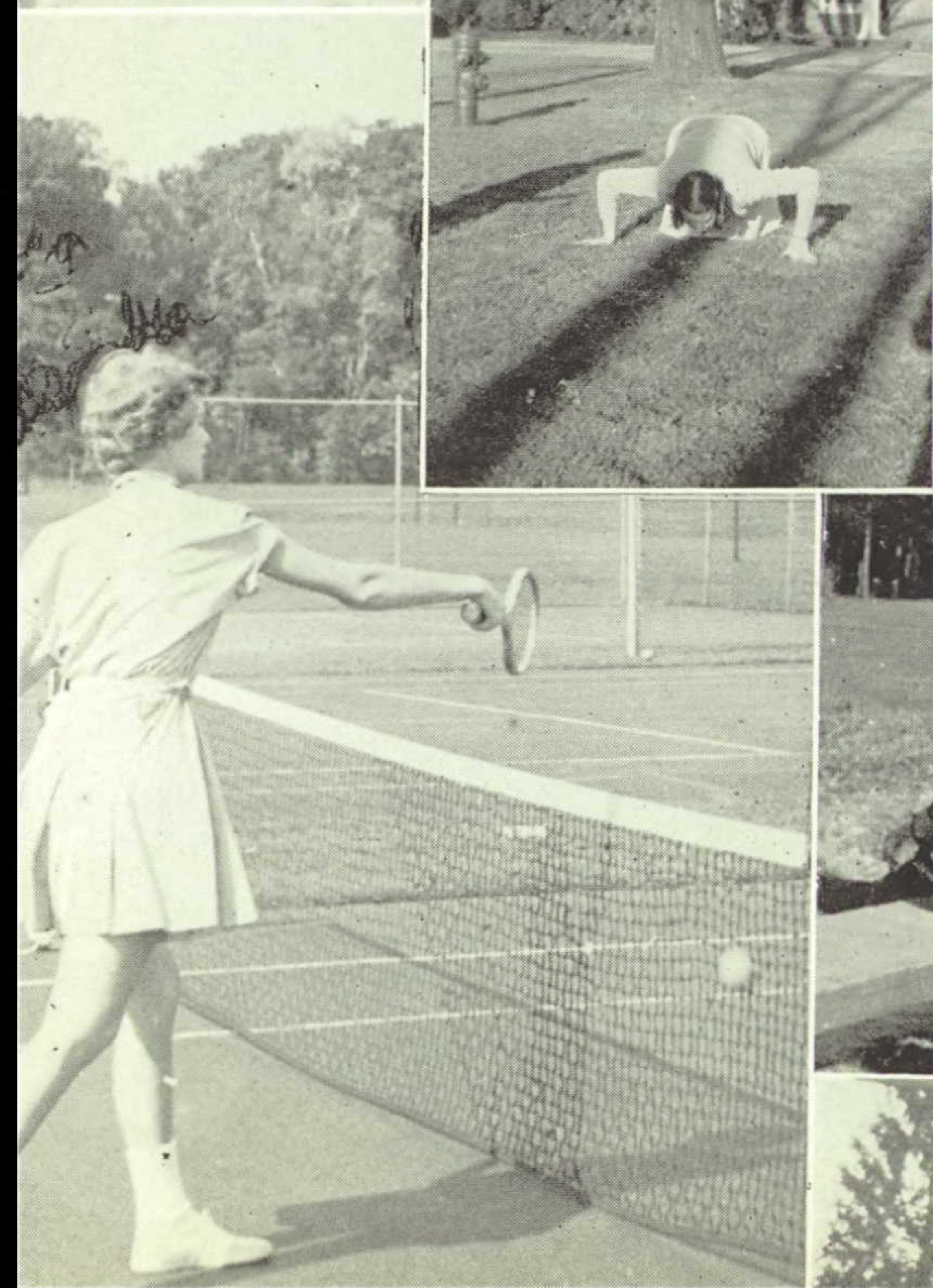




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and John Alington







RUNNING AWAY

When I was little, I had a vivid imagination as most children do. As I was an only child I made up some brothers and sisters to play with. The result was that everywhere I went Mary, Johnny and Susie came too. Mary and Johnny were older than I was and Susie was the baby. We used to play games, eat our meals and go to bed together. And in some ways they were more convenient than real brothers and sisters, for they always did what I said, and I was the plotter of all our games and pranks.

Whenever I was being punished for something I had done, my imaginary family would comfort me and assure me that it was a shame. One day when I had gotten a worse than ordinary punishment (for a worse than ordinary feat of naughtiness), they helped to convince me of my already growing suspicion that I had been wronged.

"Janie," they said, "that was very mean of Mummy and Daddy to do that. Why, you didn't do much of anything at all!"

"I know," said I. "That is just what I have been telling myself. But what can I do about it? They are so mean that they won't let me do anything."

"I know!" said Susie. "Why don't you run away and join the circus! We could come, too, and we'd all have a jolly good time. — I want to ride on the elephant," she added.

"No," I insisted quickly, "I'll ride the elephant." (And Susie, being a nice sister, did not argue.) "That is a wonderful idea, though, and we will do it," I declared quite masterfully as my brother and sisters looked at me in awe.

"When shall we leave?" Johnny inquired in an excited whisper.

"Why, right now, of course!" I replied.

"Don't you think we ought to wait until night?" Mary asked doubtfully.

"Heavens no! We'll go right now, and then they'll have time to miss us before night. Then they'll be sorry!" I added with glee. "Now what shall we need for our trip?" I asked importantly.

"Why, food of course!" (This from Johnny.)

"No, clothes! We must look nice when we get there," said Mary as she fixed a bright yellow curl in place. (I had dark brown braids which I heartily detested, so of course Mary had my long wished for golden locks.)

"We musn't forget my teddy-bear!" Susie added.

"We shall take all of them in a knapsack along with my fairy story book."

So after gathering a little store of precious belongings we started out and were half-way down the road when Mary, always cautious, asked which way we should go to get to the circus. I thought a while and then decided that we should go back and tell Mummy that I was going, so as to give her one more chance to beg my forgiveness. "Of course it won't make any difference!" I added hastily to my alarmed family. "Even if she does, we shall still go to the circus!" Thus reassured they trudged back home with me and waited while I walked up to Mummy, who was working in the garden, and announced that I was going to run away.

My mother looked up with a sunny smile. "That's nice, dear. Have a good time!"

I stared for a minute and then turned to my astonished brother and sisters. "Let's go climb the old apple tree," I suggested casually.

"But what—" Susie's outraged little face started to say. I silenced her with a glance and together we all raced toward the apple orchard.

Jane Lowry, 1955

LAND OF THE INCAS

The tourist attractions of Peru are many, and anyone who has ever been there can never forget the vast Inca ruins, the courtly Spanish buildings, the native towns high in the Sierra, or the majestic purple of the Andes as they tower above the coastal region. But to me, because I had the advantage of living there for more than two years, Peru means much more. I think of our house, our servants, my friends, and my school — all of which I shall probably never see again.

Our house was situated on the Avenue of the Forest in a suburb of Lima, Peru's capital and only large city. It was surrounded by a large stucco wall which served to keep thieves out and our dogs from roving the streets. The house itself was in the middle of a luxuriant garden containing banana trees, calla lilies, suches, geraniums, and holly-hocks which grew over eight feet tall. Our gardener was famous for his green Peruvian thumb. Every Sunday our house became an island when water was let in from the irrigation ditch in the street and the whole garden flooded according to an old Lima custom. Each house has its "water day" for it never rains in Peru. Inside, our house was dark, cool, and typically Spanish. It had many porches and the usual patio off the kitchen which was small, dark, and inconvenient. There was one unusual feature, — a secret closet to protect our landlord from his political enemies. In addition there was a guard house in the garden with bars on all the lower windows. He had taken no chances on being killed.

Our servants, although transitory, were our ambassadors from Peru. Our *mayordomo*, a *mestizo*, was amazing and completely unfathomable. A mixture of Spanish and Indian blood had produced one of the most faithful and adept, yet surliest of persons I have ever met. He was objectionable, and at the same time indispensable. Our maids represented another Peruvian aspect. Although some of them were sullen and unresponsive, my two favorites were very jolly and always willing to laugh. They would have done anything for me. One of my pleasant memories is of Felicitas humming Peruvian mountain songs as she did the upstairs rooms; or of Dora in the kitchen, her mountainous body taking up all the room as she pounded the meat for our dinner. I shall never forget Orestes either. He came to us from the mountains and appeared at our door in his poncho and bare feet. Our house was the first one he had ever been in and his naivete was both amusing and touching. When we left, he went back to the mountains because he missed us. We missed him, too. It has always surprised me that most of our servants were so honest and faithful to us. There are many robberies in Lima. Hub-caps and windshield wipers on cars, shirts drying on lines, and poultry in the back yard miraculously disappear. Even barred windows are no protection against dexterous brown fingers. But although occasionally some of our possessions were "borrowed" for a while, I do not remember that we lost anything.

Through our servants we learned much about the lives of the Peruvian people. Although very religious they have completely different moral standards from ours. Hardly any of this class marry — because they are too poor! It was hard for us to get used to our household, but I suppose that back in the patio they wondered about us, too. In the two years and more that my father was attached to the American Embassy there, besides getting to understand the Peruvian temperament, I heard much about revolutions and quarrels, and learned about the history of Peru. I heard the loud calls of the street venders, saw misery and poverty among the poor, and learned how to get along with people of another country. I saw what damage an earthquake can do, swam in the mountainous waves of the Pacific, and, above all, learned to appreciate all that America stands for. I shall always be grateful to Peru for teaching me these things. I still have a key to our gate, and some day I hope to go back and open the door. But whether or not the key will fit I do not know.

Katharine Spalding, 1952

WILDERNESS ROAD

They always spoke of the land behind the barn, the Old Chipman Place, and the Wilderness Road. Mom insisted that we should not sell the land, and Dad said that all we did was pay taxes on it. It was the place where Dad always planned to get the Christmas tree, but since it was too difficult to get there in winter, he always bought the tree in town. One spring I had a chance to see this mysterious part of our one thousand acres of Connecticut woods. The chance came because of the old feud, "Where do the fences belong?", "Whose land is whose?". There was an argument, and a surveyor, Mr. Starr, who was playing his hand for both sides, came to see Dad about looking over the maps and "walking the back line." I was elected to walk with them as a witness.

We started by going in the car down the half mile to the barn and continued on from there on foot. Mr. Starr's talking to Dad about the old land grants, which dated far back to the eighteenth century, made me think about New England being the oldest part of America. Many people had gone down this road before I was even born. "It was the Wilderness Road," said the old inhabitants of the town, "a main road that was used by carriages for travel to New York." We walked down what was now a cow path between bushes. Beside us were the pastures that farmers had cleared with only oxen and themselves to pull the stones to the edge of a clearing. Many families had lived on top of our hill. Now there are only two houses where eight farmers once had barns and homes. Apparently the easy farmland of the wide West attracted these pioneers who had struggled in rocky, hilly New England to gain hardly a living. Beyond the pastures there was a brush-filled road. After plowing through bushes for a long way, Dad pointed to a stone foundation sitting in the middle of this wilderness. "The Chipman Place", he announced. I had seen photographs of a house with people sitting on the porch, and this foundation with lilacs growing through the stone work was all that was left. Lying on the ground were pieces of rusted farm implements. We could see where the well for water, the front yard, and the porch of the house had been. But where were the people? Water ran down the old road in the spring thaw. It had worn its way around the stones, leaving them sticking far out of the ground. It was a stream washing away civilization. The tall pines that Granddad had planted to keep the land from being completely useless groaned on both sides of us. It was disturbing to think that where wilderness had been conquered, wilderness reigned again.

Farther along, to establish old boundaries, we examined barbed wire which had grown far into the trees. The road here was covered with green moss and algae. In the forest stillness one could hear a stream, bigger than the one in the road, rushing over rocks and on down. I was in the Forest Primeval. This was an imaginative stream which, under the dark green and brown of the wet, budding trees, shuttled its way around rocks. At one place it gathered in a deep pool, only to move on again; I could see the freedom of the black, cold, running water. There was something mysterious about the water always rushing on and the quiet fern fronds of spring watching it go by; there was a living wildness in the spot. This wildness is symbolic of part of me. It is a desire to break up the old and bring the new, a quiet revolt, a surging stream. Never before had I seen the woods behind the barn, but their presence has influenced my life. I have thought for myself and been free in the country, independent, and yet dependent on what has gone before, on the pioneers of America with their ideas for freedom.

Cameron Catlin, 1952



WIND FILLY

THE YOUNG WIND WHINNIES TO THE CLOUD-FLANKED STORM
WHERE SKY STALLIONS REAR.

NICKERING, HER NOSTRILS WARM, THE WIND GALLOPS DOWN THROUGH HEAVEN'S HILLS,

ROLLS THROUGH CLOVER AND SHATTERS THE SHEAF,
NUZZLES COOL FLOWERS, PAWS IN THE STREAM,
NIBBLING CRISP GRASS AND LIPPING EACH LEAF.
THE WIND AND THE CLOUDS WILL NEVER UNTEAM.
SHE RUNS WITH A HERD OF GALLOPING GALES,
A HURRICANE FILLY OF SHAGGY, WILD STRAIN.

GROWING GENTLE WHILE STRAYING ON OPEN TRAILS,
SHE BRUSHES YOUR FACE WITH HER SHIMMERING MANE.

Cynthia Cleland, 1953

OUT, OUT BRIEF CANDLE!

IT IS BUT A CANDLE,
WIPED OUT BY A BLAST OF AIR,
YET WITH NO AIR AT ALL IT WOULD BE STIFLED;
EVEN WITH A REGULATED STIR IT MUST GO OUT.
THERE'S NO CONTENDING WITH THE NATURAL END OF WICK.

ONCE OUT IT LEAVES BUT A SCRAP OF WAX.
THE BLACKENING SMOKE LEAVES BUT A LITTLE STAIN.
NOTHING IS LEFT OF THE FLAME'S CONVULSIVE SPATTERINGS,
DRAMATIC, BEAUTIFUL — INSIGNIFICANT.

YET NEW CANDLES ARE LIGHTED.

Maude F. Davis, 1953

"HOW PLEASANT TO MEET MR. ELIOT"

I was fourteen and just out of pigtails and braces when I first met my great-uncle, T. S. Eliot. When I came into the room he sat silhouetted against the window looking straight ahead at some distant point in his mind. The sun streaming in lighted his profile with its prominent but finely sculptured nose. The clock on the mantle ticked timidly. The whole room, like me, seemed to be in awe of this man sitting so quietly, thinking. He dominated the room and yet seemed somehow dominated by it. He was quite unaware of me. When my aunt entered, and introduced me to him, the spell was broken and he saw me for the first time. His clear blue-grey eyes looked at me with the same apprehension that I myself was feeling. Again, after the introduction, there was a moment of silence in which the only sound was the ticking of the clock. I knew then how very shy he really was. Finally in the most British of accents, he asked me to show him the poems that I had written. As soon as he began to talk to me about poetry, it was as if we saw each other every day. In the realm of poetry, of simile and metaphor, he was completely at ease.

That evening over filet mignon at Schrafft's my uncle entertained us with an account of his experience at an audience of the Pope. As he talked, we could picture the whole event: the brightly colored uniforms of the Swiss guards; the series of splendid ante-rooms; the small, simple figure of the Pope, dressed in white; and the ceremony of giving out religious medals, during which, on this occasion, an amusing complication arose. For two hours he kept us entranced. Meanwhile the other diners had recognized him, and, little by little, did not even pretend not to be listening. They frankly turned around in their chairs to hear better, and none of them left the restaurant until we rose to go. To the delight of the manager, Mr. Eliot had also given audience.

Priscilla Stearns Talcott, 1952

HER MEXICAN FAMILY

When the car slowed down, she looked around through eyes that were filled with tears of fear and doubt. This moment of meeting her Mexican family-for-the-summer she had anticipated ever since she had read the handbook of the Experiment in International Living. Her heart leaped when she saw the large white stucco house that was to be her home. It was on the corner of an unpretentious street across from a palm-filled park. Around two sides was a fence of hewn grey stones topped by elaborate wrought iron, through which she could see that the ground floor windows were decorated with the same grille work, a characteristic, she remembered from her reading, of Mexican houses. On the second floor there were large French doors each leading to a small iron balcony, one of which was covered with cages of beautiful tropical birds. A break in the wall turned out to be a gate with the family's crest cut in the iron, — a gate which admitted her into a small strip of garden. Here her nose was tickled by the fragrance of many unfamiliar varieties of flowers. Reds, golds, yellows, blues, and greens, all blended to form a beautiful mosaic of color. The effect was soothing to her shattered nerves, and her fears abated slightly. In one corner of the garden a strip of chicken wire surrounded a half sunny, half shady spot. Here a pretty honey-colored cocker spaniel was lolling around with her puppies, all exact miniature copies of their mother. Three stone steps led up to the front door, the pattern of which was

intriguing, — heavy, frosted glass surrounded by wrought iron, patterned into delicate flowers of the same varieties as those that grew in the garden.

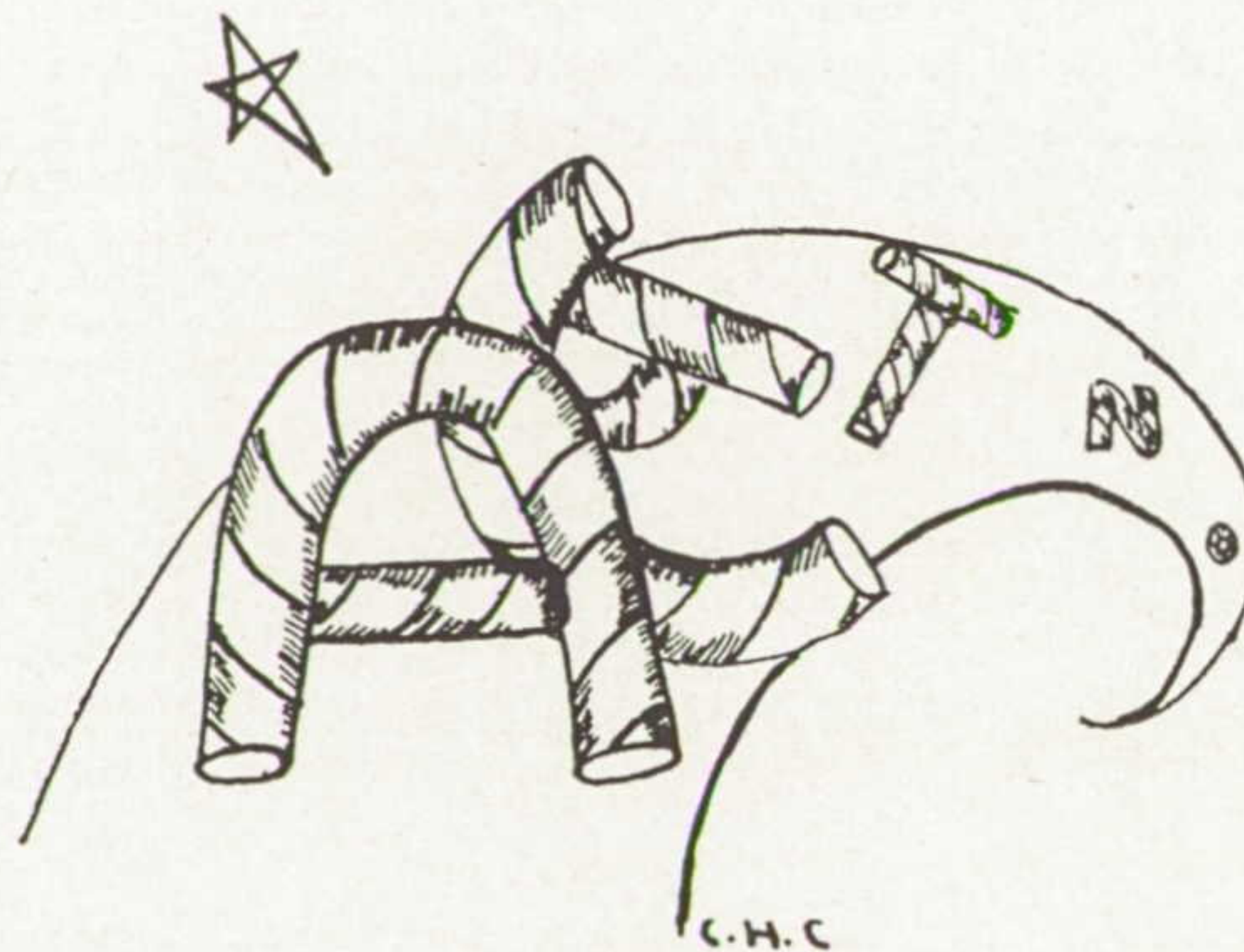
Suddenly remembering her mission, she drew a deep breath of reassurance and pressed the bell. It was answered immediately by a small, pretty, dark-skinned girl with inky black hair and a wide smile, who bowed slightly and asked the girl to enter. Behind the maid there was a tapping of heels and a fair-skinned *senorita* appeared. Motioning the maid aside, she held out her arms in warm welcome and led the girl inside. At first it was startling, the contrast of the sudden darkness and the coolness of the stone floor with the bright sunshine and the oppressive heat of the tropical summer day. In a soft Spanish voice the brown-haired *senorita* introduced herself as Carmelita Lopez.

The hall through which Carmelita led her toward the livingroom reminded her in its architecture of an ancient castle. There was a suit of armor on a stand, and over the door, two swords crossed. The stairs with grille work banisters ascended in a large curve to the second floor landing. Three tall, narrow, stained glass windows, set in the stair wall and simply patterned, cast a soft-colored mystical light on the hall below. They entered the living-room which was surprisingly modern and comfortable with large chairs, soft blue rugs, a fire place, and even a record player. Here all her fears and apprehensions were finally dispelled as her Mexican Mama and Papa arose and came forward, warmly greeting their gringo daughter.

Louise Safe, 1952

ALPHABET IN THE SKY

A HOLLOW RUBBER MASK I SEE
COMING DOWN TO SMOTHER ME,
A FULSOME WAFT OF GAS, AND THEN
INTO BLACKNESS I ASCEND.
THERE IN CROOKED PATHS I SEE
THE LETTERS OF ETERNITY.
LIKE BRILLIANT-COLORED CANDY STICKS
THEY BRIGHTLY GLEAM, ALL TWENTY-SIX.
ARE THEY UNDISCOVERED STARS,
OR JUST A ROAD FROM EARTH TO MARS?
A PATHWAY TO AN INKY SEA,
OR STEPS TO HEAVEN'S LIBRARY?
I STEP ON "A" TO "B"; FROM THERE
I'M BLITHELY FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR,
WHEN ALL AT ONCE I FALL FROM "C"
TO BOTTOMLESS ETERNITY.
AND WHEN I LAND FROM MY GREAT FALL,
I'M STARING AT A BLANK WHITE WALL.
I TELL THE DENTIST AT MY SIDE
HOW I ENJOYED MY WONDROUS SLIDE,
AND SAYING THIS I TURN TO SEE
TWO BABY TEETH HE PULLED FROM ME.



Judith Flynn, 1953

THE APPLE AND I

THWARTED, YET I'LL TAKE ONE TRY MORE,
PLUNGING A HAND INTO THE PILE OF FALLEN APPLES.
HERE A WORM HAS EATEN THROUGH THE CORE,
MAKING ONE ROUND TUNNEL THROUGH TO MEET HIS MATE.
THAT I'D SAY FROM TOPMOST BRANCHES TUMBLING CAME,
AND NOW ITS SIDE IS DENTED AS A CRUMPLED AUTO'S FENDER.
ON THIS, GREEN MOLD, LIKE SOME DEVOURING FLAME,
HAS SPREAD BEYOND CONTROL.

AH, ONE THAT'S RED AND WHOLE, BUT THEN, ALAS,
I PICK IT UP AND TURN IT OVER,
AND THERE IT'S GREEN AS NEW SPRING GRASS.
IT SEEMS I CANNOT WIN. I'LL HAVE TO
ROUSE MYSELF AND PICK ONE OFF THE TREE,
FETCHING A LADDER FROM CELLAR OR FROM BARN,
FOR NEVER SHALL AN APPLE GET THE BETTER OF ME,
IF I CAN HELP IT.

Ellen Kritzman, 1954

HIEMAL

WINTER IS A TAPESTRY OF OAK LEAVES
UNDER A CUSHION OF SNOW.

WINTER IS THE LAPIS LAZULI EVENING SKY
AND THE SOLITAIRE OF JUPITER.

WINTER IS FEATHERS OF ICE
ON A PUDDLE.

WINTER IS SNOW SLASHING AND RIOTING
AROUND DRY GOLDEN-ROD,
SIFTING OVER THE EMBRYONIC PEEPER
IN THE WOMB OF SWAMP MUD.

WINTER IS THE INFANTICIDE OF DAY
AND THE PATRIARCHY OF NIGHT.

BUT WINTER IS THE COCOON OF SPRING.



Margo Miller, 1953

THE PARTY

The big brown house on the hill shone brightly with all its lights on. Cars were jammed in the icy driveway, and some were parked on the frozen ground. Inside, the house was warm and gay and filled with the laughter and chatter of the guests. Sue sat quietly by the fire and tried to listen to everyone at once. Her father was talking to some man about insurance, and her mother to some other women about chintz curtains and seersucker bedspreads. George, her older brother, was completely bored, talking to their aunt who was half deaf and a nuisance to everyone. He stood on one foot, then shifted to the other, trying to be pleasant and forcing a smile or laugh every so often when she made an unwitty joke or remark. But Sue did not utter a word as she had been told not to speak unless she was spoken to first, and no one seemed to have any interest in what she had to say. The smoke filled the room, making her eyes water, and the heat from the fire was too much on her back. She got up and tiptoed out of the room, unnoticed, and walked toward the steaming kitchen.

As she opened the pantry door and entered the kitchen, she saw two Negroes busily peeling onions and cutting carrots into thick oblong slices. Trays of gleaming glasses, filled to the brims with manhattans and martinis, were on the counter to her right, and on her left were silver platters piled high with odd-shaped hors d'oeuvres, arranged in clever patterns. The smell of the roast and potatoes cooking attracted her inquisitive nose, and she walked slyly over to the oven, opened it and peering in saw the pink, sizzling meat surrounded with slightly crisp potatoes.

"Don't you burn yo' self, honeychile. Dat oven is hot, an' your mommy would be mad if you hurt yo' self. Ain't dat so, Rosie?"

At that Susie shut the oven door and looked at Vivian, startled, as though she had been caught committing some horrible crime. She walked slowly over to the table and sat next to Rosie. No one said anything, but the silence was drowned out by the laughter of the guests. Susie looked at Vivian with curious eyes. Vivian was a good-looking Negro of about forty. She was plump and had no wrinkles except the crease where her double chin folded softly under the upper one. Her uniform was stiff and fresh with white organdy ruffles around the collar and cuffs brightening the black taffeta. Her kinky hair was neatly rolled in a bun and kept in place by a worn silver comb. Even her seams were straight — everything was just so. Having examined Vivian thoroughly, Susie looked at Rosie. She felt sorry for Rosie, as her face was drawn and hard with work and worry. Her eyes looked sadly at you, like big brown coins grown dull with age. And her lips were without doubt the biggest Susie had ever seen. Her dress was wrinkled and untidy and her cotton stockings sagged. Susie's examination was interrupted, however, by the sudden appearance of Mr. Burton, who came in to mix a drink and said, "Susie, would you please go into the living room and take Adele to bed, as she's driving your poor mother and me crazy."

Susie mumbled a few grumpy words and then walked unwillingly into the living room to get her sister. She finally got Adele to bed after much bribing and persuasion. She then returned to the steam-filled kitchen and started to pick at some cold turkey which was meant for tomorrow's lunch. After satisfying her growling stomach, she sank into a chair and listened attentively to the two Negroes' conversation.

"You going to work at Miz Johnson's tomorrow, Rosie?"

"Yeah — ah guess so. Dat woman gives me such a pain. All day long she bickers me with do dis, do dat, do dis, do dat. My poor head is just whirling by five o'clock, an' ah have to take two aspirin when ah git home. Sometimes ah wonder why ah don't walk out on her, but somehow's ah just can't."

"Ah know how you feel, Rosie. Money is money and we ain't got much now'days."

Then Susie's attention was drawn to her father and Charlie, who had come into the pantry to talk business. However, their conversation proved uninteresting and Susie returned to the two Negroes' chatter.

"You should've seen de mink coat Miz Miller got for her birthday de other day. Land— dose people is rich! Between you and me, while Miz Miller was gone ah tried on her fur coat. She has her initials in de lining."

"Sure was lucky you wasn't caught, Rosie. How'd it feel—nice?"

"Simply beautiful! It was so soft and silky. Ah laid it back on de bed very carefully, so she wouldn't know ah had touched it."

"You know, Rosie, Miz Burton has some old shoes which she threw out dis morning. Ah wonder if dey'd fit my Flower."

Susie watched Vivian as she excitedly searched the wastebasket, emptying papers and tin cans all over the floor.

"Here dey are — ain't dey lovely! Dese people is so rich dey just throw anything out as soon as dey're tired of it."

Susie observed the beaten heels with half the suede off, and she suddenly felt sorry for Vivian. She wanted desperately to do something wonderful for her. like sending one of her children to college or buying clothes for them. But that was impossible as she had only fifty cents, and she couldn't get her money out of the bank.

Rosie, meanwhile, had put on her rubbers and gloves, then opened the door, saying, "See you at de bus stop at eight, Vivian. Bye-bye." Susie, peering out of the steamed up windows, watched her stumbling down the slippery driveway. Then Vivian started to sing gay songs in her rich Negro voice. As she sang her pearl-white teeth gleamed, and her tongue looked like a soft velvet cushion. Vivian began putting more salted peanuts in silver bowls and crackers with black caviar on the big platters. Susie longed for a taste of one, but Vivian was heading for the living room before she had a chance to snatch one. So she followed Vivian into the foggy room and shoved her way through the people, muttering shy "excuse me's", and finally found her seat by the fire. The room was jammed now, and it began to look like pea soup and smell like a tobacco factory. George had at last pulled himself away from their deaf aunt and was sitting in a corner, eating potato chips by the dozens. Her father was showing off his coin collection to some man, and her mother was laughing lightly about something the attractive lady next to her had said. Susie once more strained her ears to listen to everyone at once, but again she picked up only parts of each conversation and gradually became completely lost.

Eloise Bryant, 1954

BOOK REVIEWS

MIRRORS OF YOUTH

ANTONY, A RECORD OF YOUTH
by the Earl of Lytton

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE
by J. D. Salinger

Growing up is a problem that everyone has to face. In *Antony* and *The Catcher in the Rye* we see how two very different boys faced the experience. The first book is the true story of an English boy of the early nineteenth hundreds as told by his father, the Earl of Lytton, through the letters that Antony wrote to his family while at Eton and Oxford, and those that his father wrote to him in return. His life is pictured up to the time when he is killed, at the age of twenty-one. *The Catcher in the Rye* is a novel about a modern American boy who, because of bad behavior, has had to leave two preparatory schools. It covers the three days during which he, on the verge of another expulsion, runs away from a boarding school in Pennsylvania and goes to New York. We are allowed to see his mind workings during that underground experience in the city.

Antony's adolescence was quite easy because his family had money and gave him all their love. He was sent to boarding school when he was twelve, because in England that is the proper time for a boy to start being moulded into a young man. At fourteen he went to Eton. In his letters he showed clearly his great love for the school and for learning. When his graduation day came, he almost cried at the thought of leaving those buildings that had been his home for so many years. He hated being torn away from his close friends and tossed into the immensity of Oxford. Antony always seemed completely adjusted as he went through the process of growing up. He had a few failures, but he always overcame a problem by thinking it out and finding a reason for it. His love for his parents helped him over many a rift because they were his best friends and companions. His parents treated him as an adult, discussing religion, politics, or his personal problems in the letters that passed back and forth between them. This close relationship was strengthened by vacation trips to Scotland or Switzerland.

In contrast, Holden Caulfield's growing up was very painful. He had spent much of his life in boarding schools, too, but he could never adjust himself to living with people. He thought the boys at school were "phony" and hated them all. He distrusted his teachers and all older persons. He tried to cover up his unhappiness with a blanket of hate and scorn. His mind had never been stimulated to any interest in his school work, and therefore it returned to a primitive state of sordid thoughts and ugly ideas. He wanted to be loved, especially by his parents, but they never understood him. They thought he was queer, scolded him for his failures, and never tried to make him understand why he had failed. They left him alone when he needed companionship. It was probably this lack of understanding that made him bitter. His capacity for affection was shown in his worship of his brother who had died, and his love for his little sister, Phoebe, who admired him very much. It was his desire to please her which kept him from entirely "going off the deep end" during his drunken debauch in New York.

These two books are mirrors of youth, in two different periods, and in two different ways of life. Antony's letters to his parents are formal, respectful and loving. Even with his friends or in his private thoughts one could not imagine his ever using the dirty language and vulgar slang that Holden uses. Many older persons find Holden revolting. If he disgusts them, the modern generation in America must be revolting to them, also. Holden's problems are those that many young persons of our age have to face, and the author gives a realistic picture of this boy. Antony, of course, lived in a different age and represents an English rather than an American way of life. In the early nineteenth hundreds life moved more slowly, and there was more security. Antony represents an older, more steady, conservative way of life. Holden is the product of the restless, insecure modern times.

Deborah Graves, 1952

THE RIVER

by Rumer Godden

The River by Rumer Godden is the story of a child growing up as inevitably as the river that flows past her house in India. It is the story of Harriet, an English girl, who has lived all of her fourteen years in Bengal by the river where her father supervises the work of a jute mill. In these years Harriet has known death, birth, kindness, retribution, and the shadow of love, all of which at times have made her wonder and worry but have been the factors in her growing up.

Although Harry is not an ordinary girl, in that she has a gift for writing, when she feels herself growing up and pulling away from her family, she reacts as any ordinary girl would. She wishes that time would stop and everything would remain as it was to her then. I know I have often felt this, for there is something, although exciting, rather forbidding about the outside world when you have not seen it before. In her lonely moments she retreats to her secret hole (which is not secret at all) under the stairs and writes down her thoughts and emotions, which are constantly changing. As Nan had said, "Willy-nilly you must grow up," but Harry finds it more painful than she expected. While one half of her wants to stay a child, the other half wants to grow up, so that Captain John, who had come to live by the river after losing a leg in the war, can be her friend and not her elder.

Harriet's family is very close, and the little incidents that happen in her home make me think of the things I used to do: the surprises and games saved for rainy days; the special times when I was allowed to stay up late when the world was like the inside of a big black ball, dotted with lights flickering on and off like fireflies. I am now too old to do these things, and it saddens me to think I must wait till I have children of my own to enjoy them again. Harriet often wonders why her family is not important in the world and why the world is so big and she so small. She often thinks, as I used to, about birth, death, and how empty her life would be without her mother and father. When you are a child, your whole life centers around your family, and it is almost impossible not to be worried about what would happen without them to lean on. Her thoughts become too realistic when Bogey, her little brother, dies of a cobra bite. Her happy little world is shattered. She even feels resentment toward her family because they can pick up their broken strand of life more easily and quickly than she can. When the new baby comes, she is shocked that her family seems to have forgotten Bogey in the excitement of the new arrival. It is Captain John, who has been exposed to death before, who explains to her that with every incident that happens to us we either die a little or are reborn; and that, although a part of each member of her family has died with Bogey, they must go on as everything else in the world. He says that this is part of growing up and, though it is hard, she will find it easier to die than to be born again.

As Harry continues to grow older, she also grows wiser with the help of her good friends, like Captain John, and with her increasing awareness of the feelings and emotions of the people around her. Her family becomes even more closely knit because now that she has lost her hero-worship for them, her love is in the form of respect and admiration.

The reason I loved Harriet's story is, as I have said, that it brings back the wonderful memories of childhood. Miss Godden, having lived in India, gives the story its realistic setting and approaches this delicate subject with not only a warm humor but penetrating wisdom. She brings out vividly all the instinctive wisdom of children in her story and, in showing how it changes into something based on knowledge, she easily explains this thing called growing up.

Kate Roosevelt, 1954

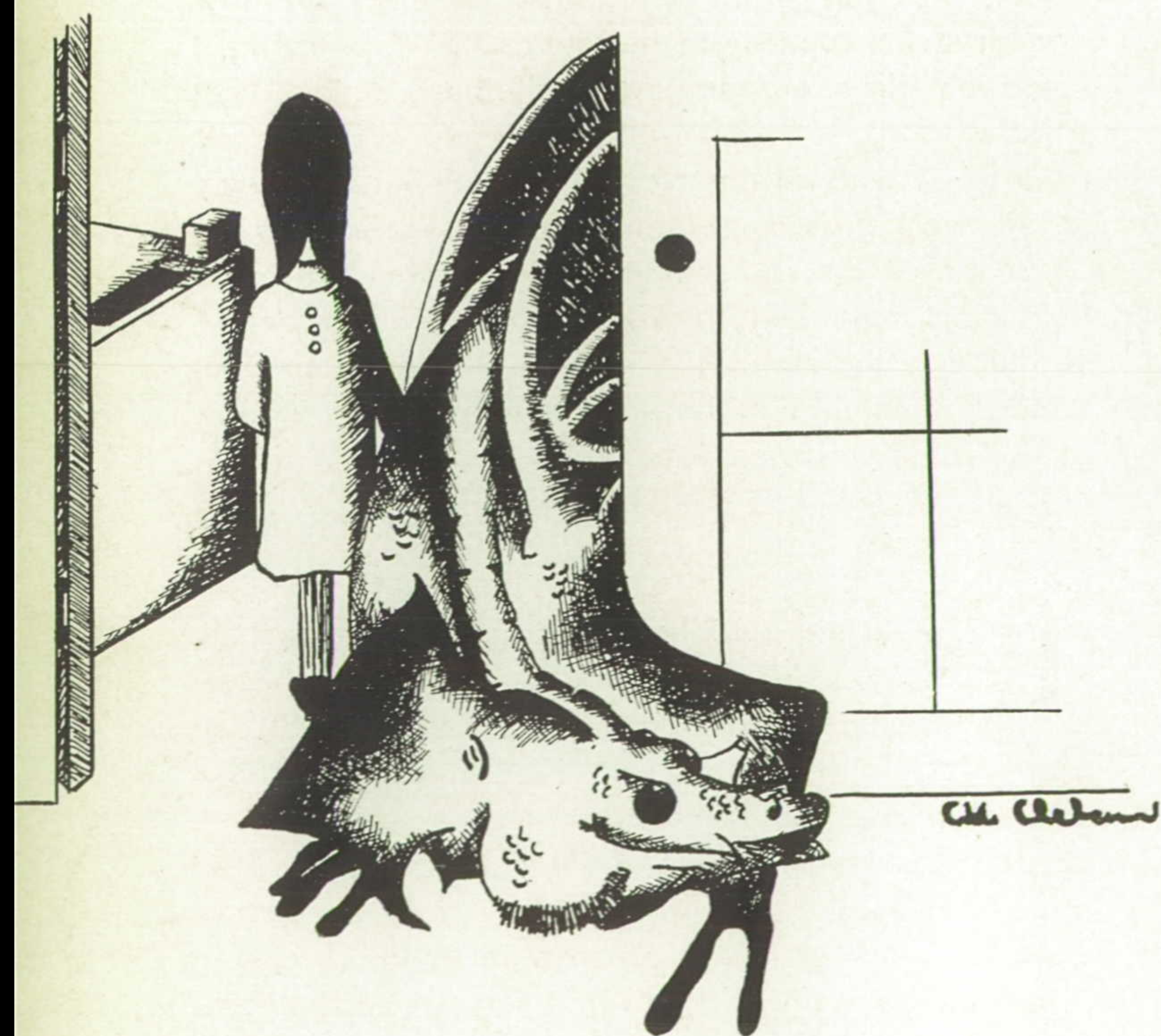
melodies. These sounds recalled to my mind a scene which I saw last year. It was in a small Greek village situated on a rise above the ancient temple of Olympia. On this site the old Olympic games had been held, games of which the poets had written. There was an atmosphere of antiquity and grandeur. And then, issuing from the village cafe, harsh sounds shattered the quiet: "Chew, chew, chewing gum! How I like chewing gum!" Not only in Greece but all over the world American jazz seems to follow one. *A Guy Is a Guy* may be heard in the shadow of the Sphinx, or at the baths of Caracalla. It makes us wonder what American influence is doing to the culture and beauty of older civilizations.

Cynthia Cleland, 1953

OVERHEARD at the table, one girl to another: "Now I am in a mess. Mom has accepted an invitation for me for the sixth. Now Bill has asked me to St. Paul's for that weekend. It's lucky I disaccepted the Hotchkiss bid."

Memo

Found between the pages of a library book during the winter term, a note which reads: "61,380 minutes or 3,682,200 seconds before we see our men again!"



"Miss Fitch, why can't I keep Alberta in my room?"

Department of Utter Confusion

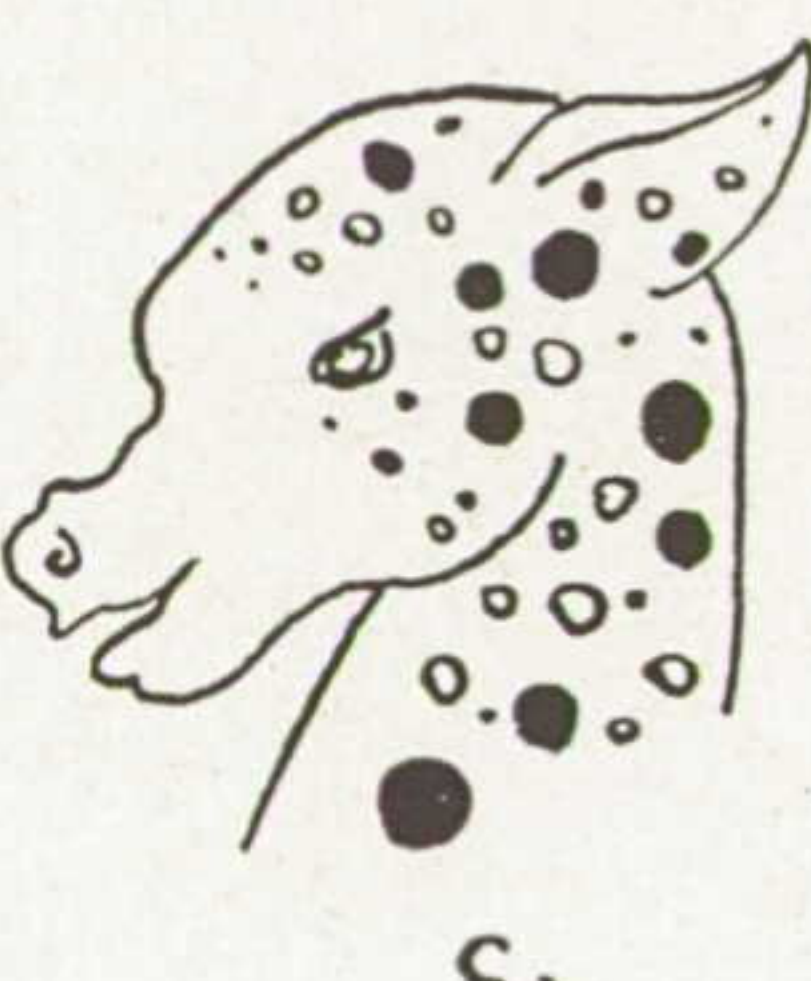
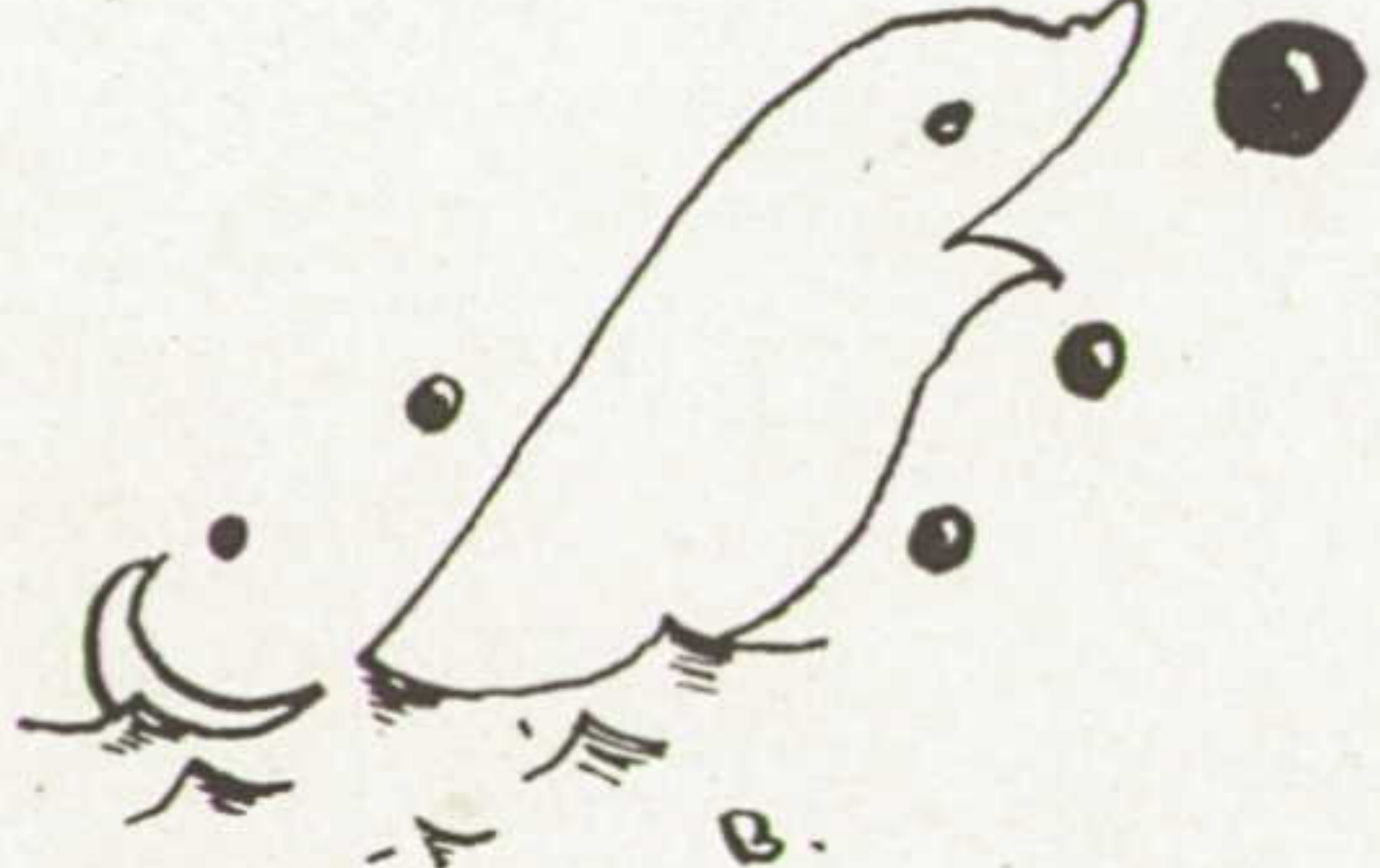
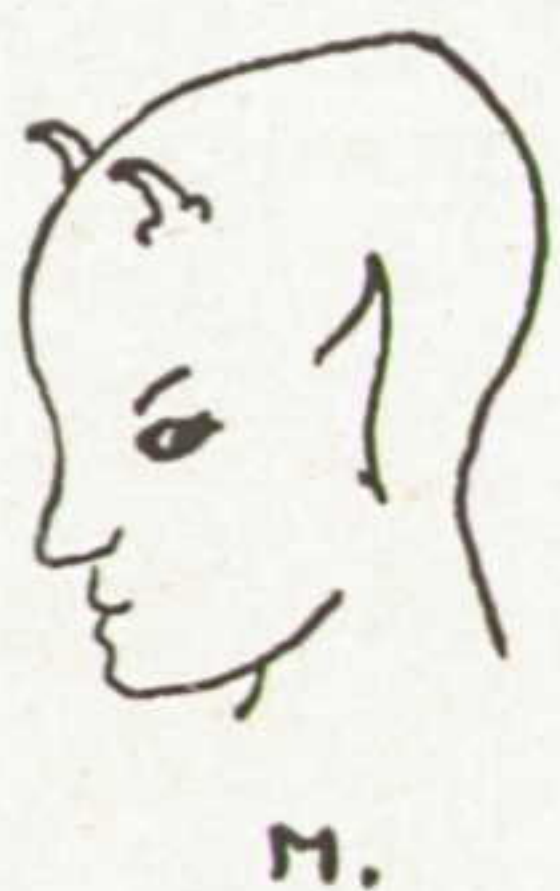
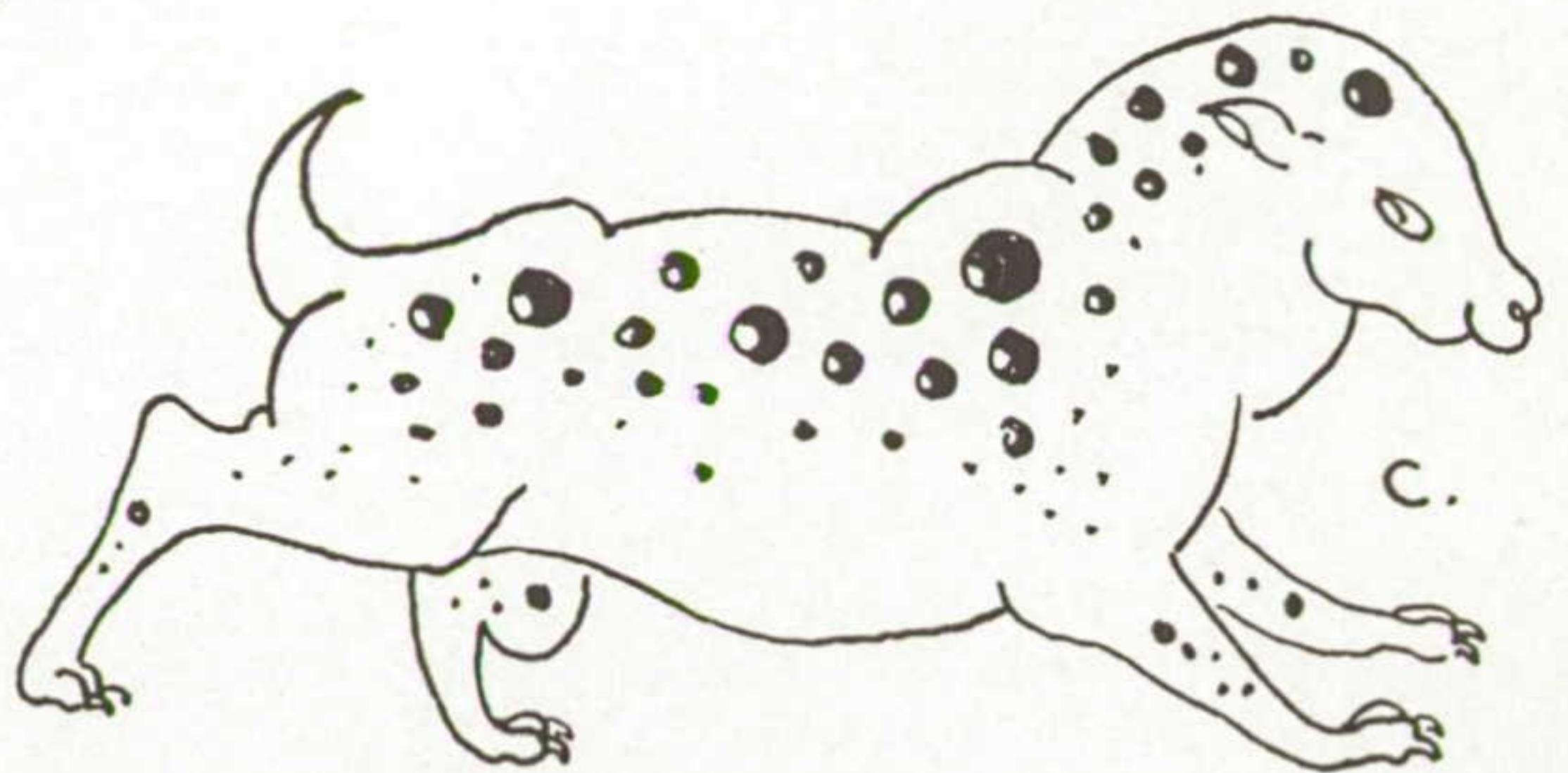
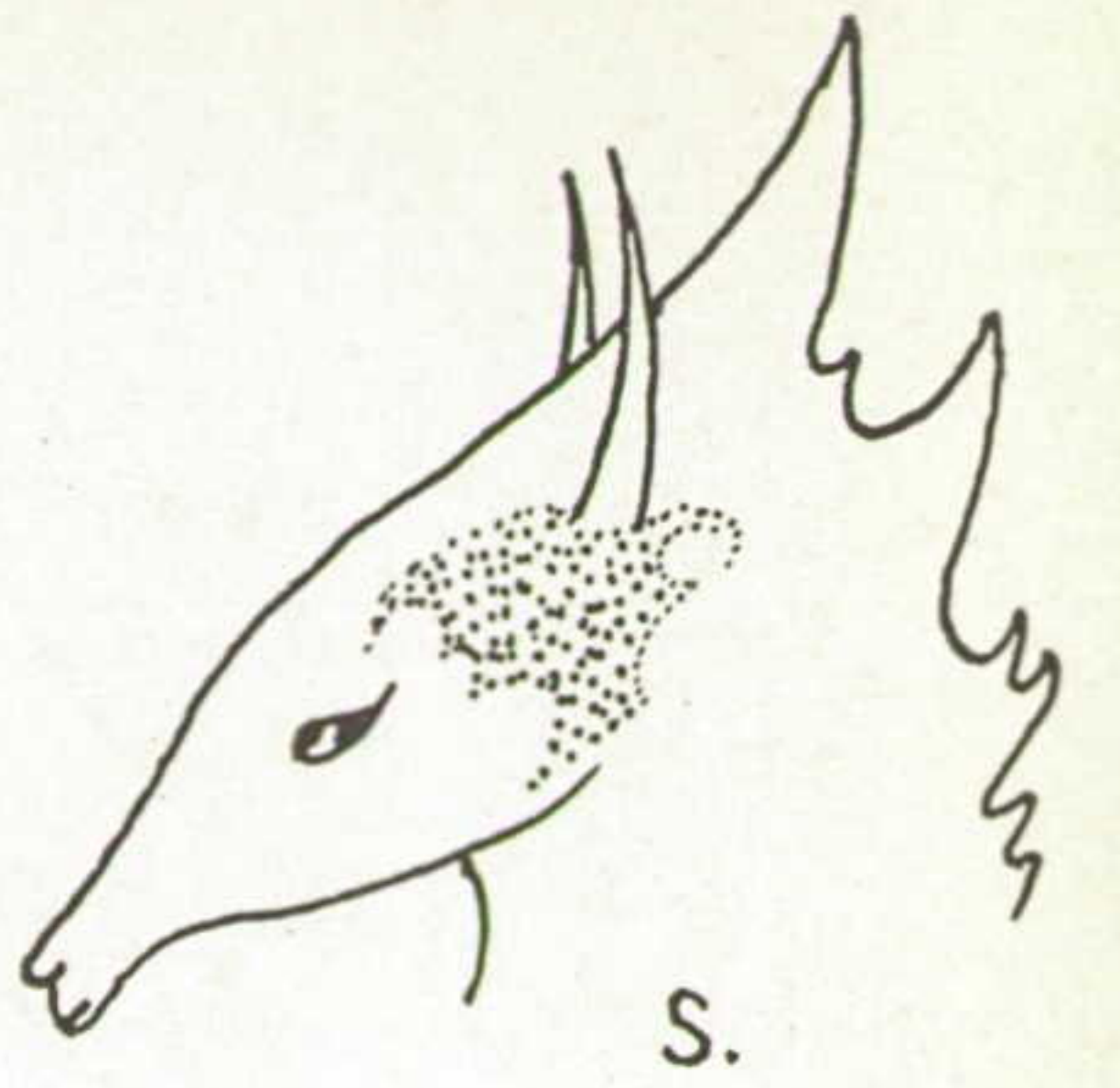
(The Nightmare of a Senior)

She listened to Moppet finishing a speech of thanks for the sporting finish of the year's athletic season, and saw "Miss Fitch" withdrawing her head into a shell which showed signs of frequent changes from the dusty floor beneath radiators to slimy fish bowls. At last now she could reach the high notes of *Ye Sons of Israel* when Loulie accompanied her by strumming on a neon badminton racket. Pulling both white ribbons off the year cup she threw it at the cocked ears of Bottom's donkey head—worn now so debonairly by Miss Witherspoon, who thereupon rose to the occasion by taking the confiscated sardines from her hair-drier. She tied them on the wrists of the freshman ushers and of George, who was head of the committee. General Ike stepped down from the band to lead the Charleston line with Miss Lovering—as far as the Appian Way. Here he retreated, having been "overvoted" by the supporters of Paul, who had returned from his second missionary journey to campaign for President. Meanwhile the Ku Klux Klan were merrily throwing their lapis lazuli crutches at Miss Bond's bat that was swooping around the proscenium. She, meanwhile, was playing back to her speech classes recordings of *Around the Corner* with noise that blasted through the Iron Curtain where Miss Hendrix had narrowly escaped *Murder in the Cathedral* and was now *Mending Wall*.

When she tried to get up to receive her diploma, she could not dismount her horse because her cast was weighing her down—down on the trunk elevator. Arriving in the boiler room she discovered that she was the only one wearing a colored uniform and so was sent back to Mount Greylock to get her shin guards. Just as her bus reached Chapman's Corner, however, a flash "brighter than the sun" sent her to the top of the Atomic Bomb list and she came crashing down along with uncorrected papers, memory passages, and tardy slips. In the midst of this blizzard, her year book, signed by everyone but the hamsters, began to disintegrate from the fumes of carbon monoxide and peroxide, the mixture which in her last experiment had exploded the cider in chapel. Realizing that everyone had gone down to dinner, she finally reached the stairway, but her feet simply would not make contact with the stairs. Just then a bell rang shrilly, hurtling her out of bed and into the blazing sunlight.

Maude Davis, Margo Miller, 1953

WHO'S ZOO IN '52



ADDRESSES

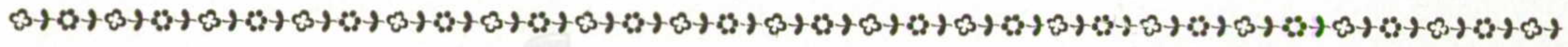
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 Caroline Washburn—10 Edgecomb Road, Binghamton, New York
 Deborah Washburn—112 Spadina Parkway, Pittsfield, Massachusetts
 Pamela Waterman—266 Touraine Road, Grosse Pointe 30, Michigan
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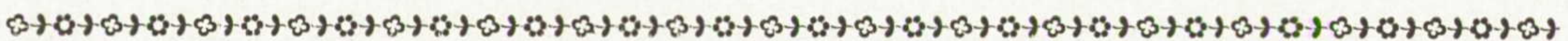
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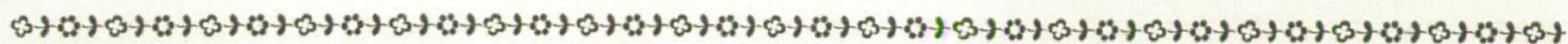
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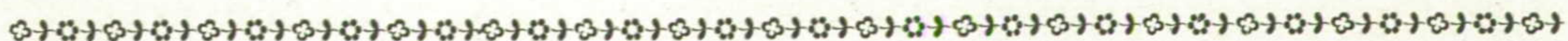
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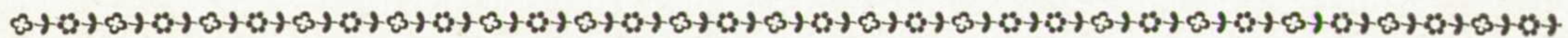


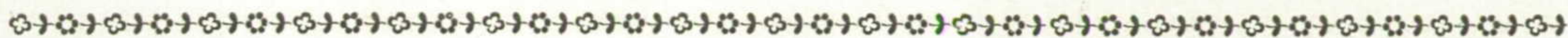
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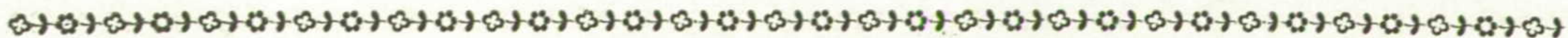
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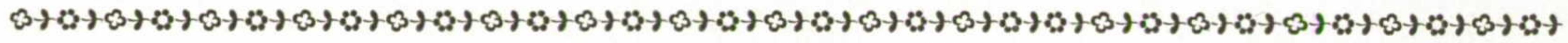
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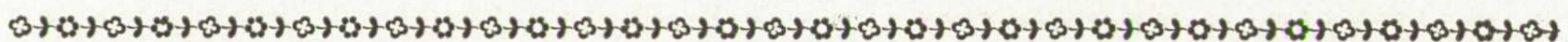
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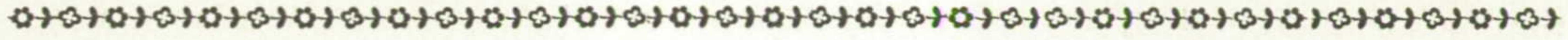
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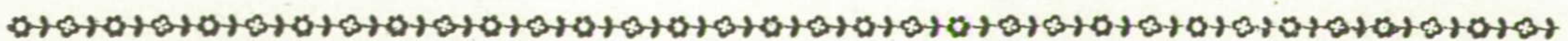


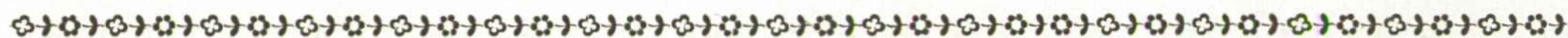
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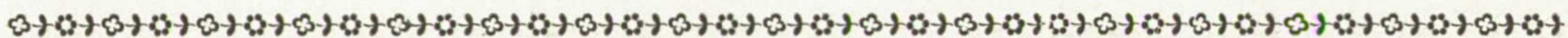
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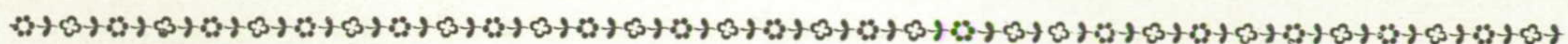
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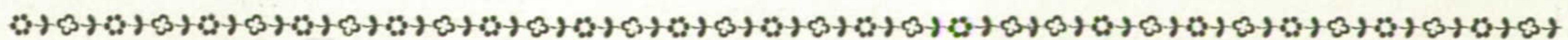
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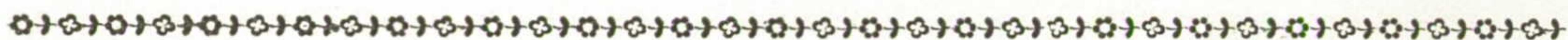
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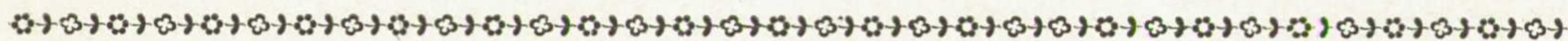
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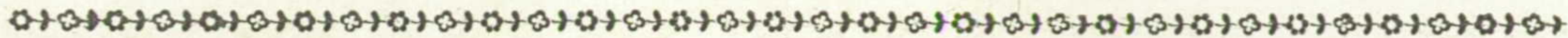
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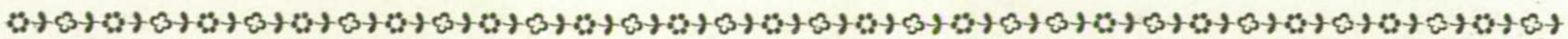
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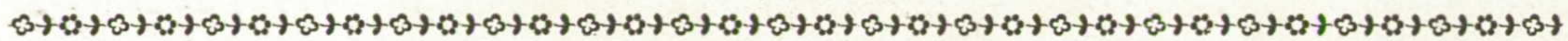
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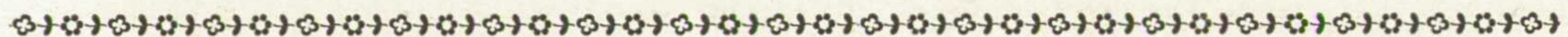
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